The Outlook

VOLUME 93 DECEMBER 18, 1909 NUMBER 16

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 287 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, PRESIDENT. WILLIAM B. HOWLAND, TREASURER. KARL V. S. HOWLAND, SECRETARY
REGULAR WEEKLY NUMBERS, FIVE CENTS. MAGAZINE NUMBERS (FOURTH ISSUE OF EACH MONTH) FIFTEEN CENTS. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION — FIFTY-TWO ISSUES — THREE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE

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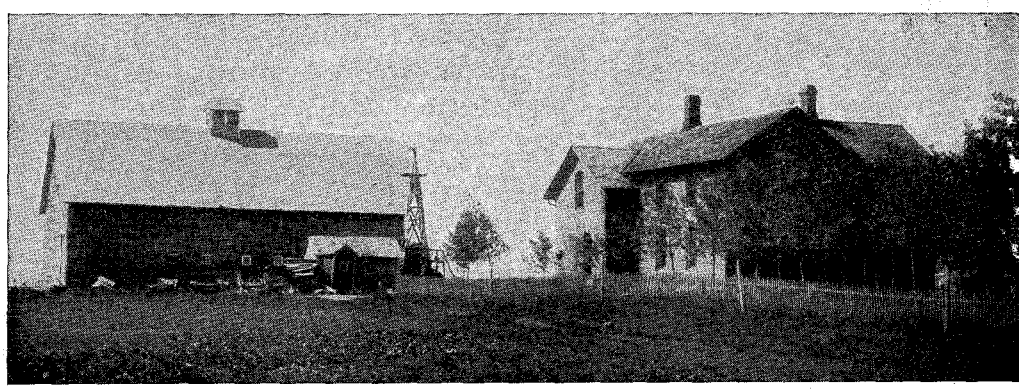

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The Outlook

DECEMBER 18, 1909

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
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THE DEVELOPMENT OF AMERICAN WATERWAYS

The National Rivers and Harbors Congress, which held its sixth annual gathering in Washington last week, is a volunteer association, representing every part of the United States, whose purpose is a definite and comprehensive policy of waterway development in opposition to the "pork barrel" methods which by force of circumstances have marked a good deal of the work in this direction for many years. The President of the Association is Hon. Joseph E. Ransdell, of Louisiana, who has long been a member of the Rivers and Harbors Committee and whose knowledge of the needs of the country as to efficient waterways and of the difficulties of supplying those needs is perhaps equal to that of any other man in the country. The most important feature of this Convention, which was attended by more than three thousand delegates, was the opening address by President Taft, which was so comprehensive in spirit and logical in recommendation that it deserves and will have the attention not only of Congress but of the people of the whole country. The Outlook will publish the address in full from a revised copy in an early issue. Mr. Taft referred to the addresses made by President Roosevelt and himself at the Conservation meeting held in Washington a year ago, in which both speakers recommended the policy of issuing bonds in order to accomplish such great National improvements as are included in the general plans of the Waterways Congress. In this address President Taft reaffirmed his conviction that this is a wise policy, but he recommended that the first step be the formulation of a moderate programme that would commend itself broadly to the whole people and endeavor to secure from Congress the incorporation in statute law of a formal declaration of this policy. This being done, and the work under way from the appropriation of current funds, later necessities would afford the opportunity of asking Congress to issue bonds for carrying on the work to its completion. There was general approval of the President's address, although some members of the Association would, of course, have been more gratified by a much more radical recommendation. We agree with the President. In any such plan for a great system of National public works definiteness and moderation are essentials of success.

THE LAW AND WOMEN'S WELFARE

Those people who, discouraged by the vast amount of social and economic injustice which still prevails in this country, sometimes wonder whether, after all, trade unions, working-girls' associations, civic federations, consumers' leagues, legal aid societies, charity organizations, and other similar altruistic agencies do any practical good, ought to be greatly cheered by a remarkable legal brief which has just been filed in the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois in the case of Ritchie & Co. vs. Wayman & Davies—a brief which makes an octavo book of six hundred and nine pages. The story of this brief is one of absorbing human interest. About two years ago the United States Supreme Court sustained as Constitutional a law passed by the Legislature of Oregon which forbade the employment of women in any mechanical establishment, factory, or laundry for more than ten hours in

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any one day. The law was contested by a laundry proprietor of the name of Muller. Through the good offices of the National Consumers' League, Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, the well-known Constitutional lawyer of Boston, was invited by the Attorney-General of Oregon to aid him in defending the law. It was admitted that under the very broad police powers of the State almost any restrictive legislation could be passed for the protection of the general public health. The courts, however, appeared to be in some doubt as to whether the restriction of the hours of labor of women factory workers to ten a day is necessary to the public health, and is not therefore an invasion of the right of private contract. Miss Josephine Goldmark, publication secretary of the National Consumers' League, made some researches as to the medical and economic phases of the life of workingwomen, upon which Mr. Brandeis based a brief of one hundred pages, from which the Supreme Court quoted in its opinion sustaining the law, and the standards of living of a great body of workingwomen in Oregon have thus been greatly improved. The Oregon case made it clear to the National Consumers' League that the social, medical, and economic history of workingwomen was likely to play an important part in legislation on their behalf. Therefore Miss Goldmark, with the financial support of the Russell Sage Foundation, set to work with a corps of assistants and translators to study this history with a view of publishing an exhaustive and scientific book of reference on the subject.

A TEN-HOUR DAY FOR WOMEN IN ILLINOIS

Sooner than was expected, the Oregon case was repeated in Illinois. Last winter a bill framed exactly upon the lines of the Oregon bill was passed by the Illinois Legislature limiting the hours of labor of women in mechanical establishments, factories, and laundries to ten in any one day. The bill was not passed without great opposition on the part of associated employers of labor, and there were dramatic scenes at the State Capitol when glove-makers, waitresses, and girls from a score of other trades, under the organized support of the Women's Trades Union, gave to the Legislature accounts of their own personal experience. The firm of W. C. Ritchie & Co., paper-box manufacturers, obtained an injunction preventing the State Attorney, Mr. John E. W. Wayman, and the State Factory Inspector, Mr. Edgar T. Davies, from enforcing the law. Judge Richard S. Tuthill, of the Circuit Court of Cook County, granted the injunction on the ground that it violates the provision of the Constitution which says that "no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law." It seems somewhat surprising that this injunction should have been granted in spite of the fact that the United States Supreme Court has upheld the Constitutionality of a law precisely similar in the State of Oregon. As in the Oregon case, so again in this case, through the good offices of the National Consumers' League (whose fundamental object it may be well to say, by the way, is to band the women consumers of the country together for the protection and promotion of the welfare of the workingwomen of the country), Mr. Brandeis has been invited to appear for Mr. Wayman and Mr. Davies on appeal before the Supreme Court in sustaining the law. The Illinois Manufacturers' Association is supporting Ritchie & Co. in the attempt to nullify the law, while the Women's Trades Union League and a large number of the leading civic religious and labor organizations, as well as most of the Chicago newspapers, are supporting the law. In their petition to the Court Messrs. Ritchie & Co. made the claim, which we should suppose practically gives away the equity if not the legality of their case, that one of their trained workers, a woman who had been employed by them for thirty-five years, *cannot earn a living wage unless she is permitted to work overtime in addition to a ten-hour day*. The italics are ours. In the brief by Mr. Brandeis three pages are given to the law in the case, and over six hundred to a history of similar American and foreign legislation and to a review of its medical, social, and economic aspects. England as well as some European countries are far ahead of the United States in the legislation which protects the popu-

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lation and the public health by protecting women from overwork. This historical portion of the brief, together with additional results of Miss Goldmark's researches, will be published later in the winter in book form by the Russell Sage Foundation. It will be a work of reference of great value to economists, lawyers, legislators, and other students of social welfare. Immediate personal interest is given to the case by the fact that Mr. W. J. Calhoun, the eminent Chicago lawyer, who has just been appointed Minister to China, has accepted the invitation of the Illinois Section of the American Association for Labor Legislation to make an oral argument, in co-operation with Mr. Brandeis, before the Illinois Supreme Court in support of the law.

UNCLE SAM'S FORESTS

An important part of the Secretary of Agriculture's report deals with the Forest Service. There are three principal uses of our forests—for water, for forage, and for timber. These should be considered separately if we are to understand what benefit the public is deriving from the Service. The most important use of the forest is for water. Forests are valuable because they conserve the supply available for irrigation, power, and navigation, and because they regulate the stream-flow, thus preventing erosion and soil waste. The value of the forests in these respects defies statement in terms of dollars and cents. This is specially true in the West, where every important stream during the dry season draws its waters mainly from the National forests. But the Forest Service is not satisfied with merely safeguarding present water supply. The greatest danger to the forest has been from fire, but the vigilant protection given by the Forest Service should bring about a steady improvement of water conditions. The use of the forests for water, however, results as yet in the collection of only insignificant amounts paid for special use permits by certain power companies. But, as Mr. Pinchot, the Forester, says, "The forests pay their owners, the people, more direct dividends. Not only the users of water throughout the West, but all who in turn derive a benefit from the prosperity of those users share in the distribution of profits." From forage there is a greater direct money return to the Government, partly through the payment of charges by private individuals for the grazing privilege. Yet the administrative expense of regulating the use of the range costs the Government almost as much as it received. This might have been otherwise but for the policy of the Forest Service to fix grazing fees not for the purpose of raising revenue so much as simply to cover the expense of regulation. The Government's charges were much lower than those usually paid by stockmen to the owners of private land. Mr. Pinchot's idea is to fix charges at what a man newly starting in business and without much capital can reasonably pay. The other policy might have resulted in the monopoly of the range by a few men and an income twice as great as was received. We now come to the third use of the forests—for timber. Two years ago the receipts showed an increase over those of the previous year of more than a hundred per cent. Since the panic of 1907 the receipts have remained nearly stationary, and are now resuming their advance. Thus, unlike the retrogression in other lines of business, the National forests' business in timber has suffered only a slight check upon its rate of increase. This relative stability is due largely to Mr. Pinchot's policy of preferring small sales to large sales, even at a lower price, because "it is the operator on a large scale who shuts down when times are bad; the little mill continues to run." Moreover, small sales promote local enterprises, tend to prevent monopoly, and make better provision for the forest's welfare. As a whole, then, the total receipts of about $1,800,000 last year from the various activities of our National forests, with an expenditure of nearly twice that amount for administration, protection, and improvements, poorly explain all of the credit side of the account.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

Last year the American Red Cross received from annual dues less than eight thousand dollars, only one-half of which went into its own treasury, the remainder going to the local branches. In 1908 the Japanese Red Cross received from the

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annual dues of its million and a half members over a million dollars. The contrast is a striking one. The two great needs of the organization in this country are a large popular membership and a substantial endowment fund. In order that a vigorous effort may be made to secure the latter, President Taft has named an Endowment Fund Committee, with the Secretary of the Treasury, the Hon. Franklin MacVeagh, as its Chairman, and with a sub-committee in New York consisting of the Hon. Robert Bacon, the Hon. Lloyd C. Griscom, the Hon. Charles Hallam Keep, Mr. H. P. Davison, and Mr. Felix Warburg. To this Committee President Taft, who is also the President of the Red Cross, has addressed a letter urging the importance of the work, and in his address at the fifth annual meeting of the Red Cross in Washington last week he expressed the earnest hope that one or more large givers would create a maintenance fund of not less than two million dollars, thereby putting our own National society more nearly on a par with those of other nations. An interesting feature of the annual meeting was the presentation by the President of the gold medal voted by the Society to the Hon. Lloyd C. Griscom, ex-Ambassador to Italy, in recognition of his services in connection with the Messina disaster, and of silver medals to Miss Katherine B. Davis and Mr. Samuel Parrish for their work in Italy. The annual meeting concluded with a brilliant reception tendered to the delegates by Miss Boardman, to whom more than to any other person is due the credit of reorganizing the Red Cross on its present orderly and efficient basis. The Society has collected for relief work since its reorganization in 1905 over five million dollars, including the $140,000 realized for tuberculosis work by the sale of Christmas stamps last year. The receipts from the Christmas stamps this year promise to be much larger. Forty-eight million stamps have already been called for.

THE NOBEL PRIZES

The Nobel prize for literary achievement for the present year has been awarded to Miss Selma Lagerlöf, with whose literary achievements the readers of The Outlook are familiar. The Swedish people have the greatest affection for her, regarding her as their prose-poet in the sense in which Schiller is the verse-poet of the German people. and her popularity is great throughout Scandinavia. Her work expresses in a rare degree the spirit and genius of Sweden, and has exerted a positive influence upon the national character. The prize was awarded, not to any single book, but in recognition of her substantial work as a writer. A Swedish critic, in reviewing her "Christ Legends," one of which appeared in The Outlook, says, "She came to us in an age of psychological prying, and discovered the child in us." At a time when the literature of the Continent partakes so largely of the introspective and morbid, Miss Lagerlöf has been an apostle of optimism, discerning in the characters in her stories the spark of divinity which redeems even crudity and sordid surroundings. In "Gösta Berling's Saga" Miss Lagerlöf made her native province, Vermland, classical; and in her "Jerusalem" she revealed to the people of Delecarlia the inner spirit of their own province. "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils," the immense popularity of which The Outlook has already reported, is a book which has endeared her to all Swedish children, to whom she is a kind of fairy godmother, lightening their school hours and their tasks with her delightful insight and humor. She is described as a modest and rather shy woman, of very attractive personality, living with her mother in a pretty, old-fashioned cottage in the suburbs of the city of Falun, surrounded by a flower garden and an orchard. She has also an estate in Vermland, her native province, where most of her writing is done. She is an ardent lover of nature, with a passion for flowers and the ability to diffuse their perfume through her books. The prize for chemistry was awarded to Professor Wilhelm Ostwald, of Leipsic, one of the first authorities in his field in Europe, who made a very pleasant impression in this country as a visiting professor at Harvard and Columbia Universities; the prize for medicine to Professor Emil Theodor Kocher, of Berne, director of the surgical clinic at the University of Berne since 1872; the prize

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for physics was divided between William Marconi, the great pioneer of wireless telegraphy, and Professor Ferdinand Braun, of Strasburg, an original investigator in the nature of elasticity in matter and the relations of chemical energy to electricity. The prize for the advancement of peace has been divided between Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, a member of the French Senate and of the Hague Tribunal, and M. Beernaert, ex-Minister of State of Belgium, and Belgian representative at the last Hague Peace Conference. Baron d'Estournelles was an influential member of both Peace Conferences at The Hague. He is the creator of the Association for International Conciliation, and has done as much as any man of his time to arouse popular interest in promoting the relations of comity and good fellowship among nations.

DISSOLUTION OF THE FINNISH DIET

The dissolution of the Finnish Diet by an Imperial decree dated Livadia, November 17, marks another and perhaps a critical stage in the long conflict between the Czar and the people of Finland over the question of Finnish autonomy. Up to the year 1898 it was universally admitted in Russia that Finland had certain well-defined constitutional rights, granted by Alexander I in 1808, and confirmed by all his successors down to and including Nicholas II, and that among them was the right of participation in the framing and revision of all laws that affected the interests or privileges of the Grand Duchy. The Finnish Constitution expressly declared that no new law should be made, no old law abolished, and no new levies, tributes, taxes, or other charges imposed "without the knowledge, free will, and consent of the Estates of the Realm." This Constitution the present Czar, upon his accession to the throne in 1896, solemnly swore to maintain and observe. The form of his Oath of Assurance was as follows: "We hereby confirm and ratify the religion, fundamental laws, rights, and privileges of each Estate in the Grand Duchy in particular, and of all its inhabitants, high and low, in general, which they have hitherto enjoyed, according to the Constitution of their country, promising to observe the same steadfastly and unimpaired." In the fall of 1898, two years after the young Czar took this oath, General Kuropatkin, who was then Minister of War, drew up a plan for the reorganization of the Russian army and made it applicable to all parts of the Empire without exception. Finland at that time maintained at her own expense a regular force of about 12,000 men; but her soldiers could not be compelled to serve in Russian regiments, nor under Russian officers, nor, in time of peace, in Russian territory. Under the provisions of the Kuropatkin scheme, the military quota of Finland was raised from 12,000 men to about 36,000, and Finnish conscripts might be incorporated in Russian regiments, put under Russian officers, and made to serve in the Caucasus, in Central Asia, or in any other part of the vast Empire. As these provisions were wholly inconsistent with the Finnish military law of 1878, the Diet, very naturally, regarded them with disapproval. Seeing that they were not likely to be sanctioned, the Czar, on the 15th of February, 1899, took them away from the Diet and attempted to give them the force of law by embodying them in an Imperial manifesto and sending them to the Finnish Senate for publication. In this manifesto the Russian Government attempted, for the first time, to lay down the principle that there is a radical difference between affairs that concern Finland and the Empire jointly and affairs that concern Finland alone; that the Diet has jurisdiction only in the latter class of cases; and that the right to decide whether a matter belongs in the first class or the second is an imprescriptible prerogative of the Czar. The Finns respectfully protested against this exposition of fiat law, and declared that it was not in accordance with the oath taken by the Czar to "observe steadfastly and unimpaired the Constitution and the fundamental laws of the Grand Duchy." No attention, however, was paid to their protests; the new army law, with all its unconstitutional provisions, was carried into effect, and thousands of young Finns emigrated to the United States in order to escape what they regarded as illegally enforced military service. During the years from 1901 to 1905 the feeling of

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indignation and hostility in Finland continued to increase, but no change was made in the unconstitutional army law until Russia became involved in war with Japan. Then the Czar and his advisers thought it prudent to placate Finland, in order to strengthen their position at home, so they first suspended the unconstitutional army law, and then, on the 4th of November, 1905, abrogated it altogether, substituting for it, however, an administrative order which provided that instead of furnishing soldiers Finland should make an annual contribution to the military expenses of the Empire. From the Finnish point of view this order was just as unconstitutional as the original army law; but the Diet, nevertheless, showed its reasonable and conciliatory temper by making such military contribution, under protest, for two years. This ended the first stage of the conflict.

RENEWAL OF THE STRUGGLE

As soon as the Russian Government had made peace with Japan, crushed the revolutionary movement, and recovered its courage, it resumed its campaign against Finland. On the 2d of June, 1908, the Russian Council of Ministers asserted for the first time its alleged right to lay before the Czar its conclusions with regard to all Finnish affairs that affected the interests of the Empire as a whole, and to take suitable action with reference thereto. The Finnish Diet denied the existence of such a right, and called the attention of the Czar to the fact that the interference of Russian Ministers in the affairs of Finland was a plain violation of the fundamental laws of the Grand Duchy. Premier Stolypin, however, continued to insist that matters of Imperial concern which affected Finland incidentally should not be left wholly to the Finnish Diet, because the Russian people were at least as much interested in such matters as the people of Finland. The question remained unsettled for a whole year, during which time the Council of Ministers continued to invade the Constitutional rights of Finland in many ways and on various pretexts, while the Finnish people, through their Diet and their Senate, continued to protest against the Council's measures and the Czar's support of them. Finally, fifteen out of twenty Senators tendered their resignations, and the Diet was dissolved, by order of the Czar, as a punishment for its obstinacy. In June of the present year the Czar appointed a mixed Commission of Russians and Finns (the Russians in the majority) to devise an equitable method of enacting laws which related to Finland but which at the same time affected the interests of the whole Empire. At the first meeting of this Commission the Finnish members expressed the willingness of their countrymen to do anything that might be necessary to promote or safeguard the interests of the Empire; but they insisted that in Imperial legislation affecting Finland their Diet could not be ignored without violation of the fundamental laws of the Grand Duchy. Neither could any changes be made in such laws without the Diet's consent. The Russian members, on the other hand, contended that Finland was a Russian province, not an independent State; that its Diet had only local jurisdiction; and that the submission of Imperial affairs to a provincial legislature was "inadmissible and unthinkable." As this radical difference of opinion made it impossible for the Commission to agree upon a plan of work, there was nothing to be done but adjourn. On the 7th of October, 1909, the Czar issued a manifesto in which he declared that, pending a final settlement of the question of Finnish military liability, the Grand Duchy would be expected to pay ten million marks a year as her share of the military expenses of the Empire, and to increase this sum by one million marks every year after 1909 until her annual contribution should amount to twenty million marks. The amounts due for 1908 and 1909, moreover, must be covered into the Russian treasury prior to January 1, 1910. This manifesto, it must be noted, was an Imperial order to the Diet of Finland, not the substance of a bill to be laid before the Diet for consideration and action. When the order reached the Senate, the Senators offered to frame a bill providing for the payment by Finland of its share of the military expenses of the Empire. If the Czar approved this measure, they

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would submit it to the Diet, and the representatives of the people would sanction the payment. This would seem to have been a very simple solution of the difficulty, but it did not suit Stolypin, because the Premier wanted to force a recognition of the Czar's right to command in Finland, regardless of the Diet. When the proposition of the Senate was declined, the Senators again insisted upon an acceptance of their resignations. As fast as Stolypin could select new men whom he thought he could control, the old Senators were allowed to retire, and the Senate was wholly reorganized by the appointment of officers who had previously been in the Russian service.

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN THE CZAR AND THE DIET

Meanwhile the Czar's manifesto had been laid before the Diet and had been referred by it to the Committee on the Constitution. This Committee made its report on November 16, and stated its conclusions, in substance, as follows: The Czar's manifesto of October 7 has no obligatory force. Finland, as a part of the Russian Empire, is bound to assist in defending the Empire; but it must do so in accordance with the provisions of Section 18 of the Military Law of 1878, which has not been lawfully repealed. The substitution of a military contribution for personal military service is not sanctioned by that law, and is consequently unconstitutional. The Committee can find no legal way of making such contribution upon the Czar's order, and it therefore recommends that the Diet reply to his Imperial Majesty's manifesto in the following words: "Finding it impossible to approve the proposal from the Throne, the Diet begs his Imperial Majesty graciously to order that proper measures be taken to settle the question of military liability in the manner prescribed by the Constitution." Debate on this report began in the Diet early in the evening of November 17 and lasted all night. The principal opposition to the Committee's report came from members of the Old Finnish party, who urged the Diet to avoid a conflict with the Czar by appropriating the money, under protest, as it did in 1905. Several members of the Svedoman party said that the Diet would pay if the demand were made in Constitutional form, and suggested that an assurance to that effect be given to the Czar. Voting began at four o'clock in the morning of October 18. After many proposed substitutes for the Committee's report had been rejected, the report itself was adopted by a large majority, although forty-eight members of the Old Finnish party who agreed with it in principle voted against it on the grounds of expediency. A few hours later the Diet was dissolved by command of the Czar and a new election was ordered for February 1, 1910. The question which brought about the dissolution of the Diet, and which still remains unsettled, is not a question of money, but a question of principle. The Finns are perfectly willing to promote and safeguard in every possible way the interests of the Empire to which their country belongs, but they refuse absolutely to admit that they can legally be ignored in Imperial legislation which affects their interests. Through their Diet they are ready to do almost anything that the Russian Government may wish to have them do; but they will not obey even a command of the Czar if it goes over the heads of their representatives and attempts to deprive them of their Constitutional rights. The only immediate effect of the dissolution of the Diet will be to leave the government of the country largely in the hands of the reorganized and Russified Senate, a body which in the Finnish system of administration combines the functions of a Cabinet and a Supreme Court. The next Diet cannot assemble until March 1, 1910, and long before that time the Russian Council of Ministers will have framed a bill, order, or regulation which will take away from the representatives of the Finnish people all control over Finnish affairs that are directly or indirectly connected with the interests of the Empire. The Czar and his Ministers have apparently made up their minds that this is a favorable time to get rid of the Finnish Constitution altogether. That they will succeed in virtually abolishing it there can be little doubt; but they will have at the very gate of their capital thenceforward a stubborn, hostile, embittered people, who,

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to say the least, will not constitute an element of Imperial strength.

BEREA COLLEGE

Berea College, of whose work The Outlook has often spoken as second in importance to none in the educational field, is paying a great price for President Frost's devotion and success in building up the institution by his enforced rest. Ever since he went to Berea Dr. Frost has worked tirelessly with heart and brain for the advancement of the College. He has added greatly to its resources; he has developed to a remarkable degree its educational influence and broadened its educational efficiency. In season and out of season, with tireless energy and with impressive and engaging eloquence, he has presented the cause of the college to the country. Probably no one has ever heard him without thinking of Lincoln, finding in him the same simplicity, sincerity, vital sympathy with democracy, and faculty of persuasive speech. He has brought the country into relations with the mountain people of five contiguous States; he has made us aware of the peculiar history of nearly two million people who were isolated from the National life for so many decades; he has made us aware of their service to the country in the Civil War; he has described their homes, made us understand their undeveloped force for public service and individual power hidden in the lonely mountain valleys. It is to these students that Berea especially appeals in its mediatory work between the country at large and an army of Americans of almost unmixed English blood, who have only recently joined the National procession. Under this burden Dr. Frost has temporarily succumbed, and has been compelled to drop all work and devote himself to the recovery of his health. At this crisis in the affairs of Berea, Dr. Pearson has signified his intention of terminating his donations to colleges by giving Berea $100,000, on condition that the college shall secure $400,000 additional by April 7, 1910. This large gift, which comes as one of the fruits of Dr. Frost's exhausting advocacy, is presented to the college at the very moment when, for the time being, it loses its most efficient servant. Under these circumstances all the friends of Berea ought to stand together to secure this endowment and to free Dr. Frost, when he returns, from the burdens he has borne.

THE NEW CHARGES AGAINST DR. COOK

Unless the affidavits published in the New York Times last week are to be thrown out of the court of public opinion because they show dishonorable and unprincipled action on the part of the two men who made them, they demand from Dr. Cook and his friends instant refutation. The public interest in the question and the honor due to the first discoverer of the Pole, whoever he may be, are such important considerations that sooner or later there must be an authoritative verdict, not only on the records presented by Dr. Cook to the University of Copenhagen, but on all the questions which have been raised. At this writing Dr. Cook's whereabouts are not positively known, and he has made no reply. It may fairly be asked whether the affidavits in The Times do not present a basis upon which Dr. Cook can and should call the makers to account in open court. Such a proceeding would give both parties to the controversy an opportunity to be heard under oath. In substance, the story told by Captain Loose and George H. Dunkle is that the former, who claims to be a skilled navigator and calculator of observations, was introduced to Dr. Cook by Mr. Dunkle, who is an insurance broker, and who says he had the idea that Dr. Cook might like to employ Captain Loose to verify and strengthen his own calculations. A bargain, it is said, was made with Dr. Cook, by which the two men were to receive four thousand dollars for their services, with an additional bonus of five hundred dollars if the University of Copenhagen accepted Cook's records. It is further alleged that Dr. Cook paid only two hundred and sixty dollars, and that the moving cause of the affidavits was his failure to complete the payment, as agreed. This frank declaration puts these two men in a disagreeable and dishonorable light, and their further statements show that they must have been perfectly aware that the aid rendered, as they assert, to Dr. Cook was not of a legitimate or

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honest nature. Captain Loose says that he found, after a brief conversation, that Dr. Cook knew practically nothing about taking observations, and that he was totally unable to define such common mathematical phrases as "the azimuth," and "the true bearing of a heavenly body." Captain Loose further declares that in reply to his remark that he could not understand how Dr. Cook could be certain that he discovered the North Pole if he did not know how to take observations, Dr. Cook said that he had been guided by charts made by Nansen and Sverdrup. As a result of the negotiations between Captain Loose and Dr. Cook, according to the affidavits, the former procured for Dr. Cook various charts and books, received from him a slip of paper (printed in facsimile in The Times) on which a statement was written as to the observations to be calculated, and agreed "to work out from the narrative in The Herald all his sights for latitude and longitude, based upon the latitudes as published." He did so work out some thirty latitudes and a few longitudes to accord with the dates and distances given by Dr. Cook in his narrative, and thus created a consistent series of imaginary observations agreeing with Dr. Cook's published narrative, but worked out backwards from the date of Dr. Cook's alleged arrival at the North Pole. Dr. Loose's narrative, apart from the underlying fraud and dishonorable sale of his services, is picturesque and readable. Here, for instance, is a single incident which is thought by some critics to be almost as remarkable as some of the claims made in Dr. Cook's narrative:

> The day after my arrival at the Gramatan Mr. Dunkle left, and that night I sat up working on more observations and figuring out compass corrections and a number of other things. Mr. Dunkle had taken his watch away with him, and I didn't have any, so that when I got tired of working I had no idea what time it was. I didn't think of it then, but I might have telephoned the hotel desk to tell me the time. I am a navigator, not used to hotels, and it didn't occur to me to do that.
>
> But I got around it all right. I had always been used, when on ship, to take the time by the stars. I looked out of the window of my room and could see Procyon in the east. I got out my sextant and took a sight on the star, using a basin of water as an artificial horizon. I know the approximate latitude and longitude of New York, and, after reckoning it all out, I found that it was 11 hours and 2 minutes.
>
> "It's time to go to bed," I said, and I went.

WHAT OUGHT TO BE DONE?

The astronomical authorities at Copenhagen who are now examining Dr. Cook's records appear not to attach great importance to these charges; on the other hand, the National Geographic Society of this country, which has already undertaken to investigate, through a committee, Dr. Cook's claim, has asked the New York Times to submit to its committee the evidence it has with regard to these charges, including not only the affidavits but several pieces of corroborative proof. Dr. Cook has so far declined to recognize the investigation by the National Geographic Society, holding that his agreement with the University of Copenhagen prevents him from taking part in any other examination. The situation in this regard emphasizes the feeling very generally entertained that, regardless of the action of the University of Copenhagen, there should be a thorough and satisfactory examination by competent authorities in the United States of everything relating to this subject. If Dr. Cook has been so unfortunate as to have had false charges made against him by Captain Loose and Mr. Dunkle; to have had his story of the ascent of Mount McKinley falsely discredited by the man who, he says, went with him to the top; to have had that story discredited also by Professor Parker, of Columbia University, who went on this exploring expedition; to have had false statements made by the members of Commander Peary's expedition to the effect that the Eskimos who went with Cook assert that he did not go very far from land; to have detailed calculations made, such as those by Mr. George Kennan, indicating that Dr. Cook could not possibly have lived for a certain period of time on the food he says he had during that period; to have it alleged also that his published statements disagree one with another and with well-known scientific facts—if, we say, all these charges from different quarters are without basis, then Dr. Cook is one of the most ill-used and slandered persons in the world, and it follows that, for the honor of America and in justice to

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himself, he should be publicly vindicated. If, on the other hand, the charges are some or all true, then, no matter whether or not the University of Copenhagen finds his written record consistent in itself, it is due to the honor of American exploration, and due also to the man who has spent a great part of his life in attempting to reach the North Pole, that all the facts should be authoritatively ascertained and made known.

THE DEVIL AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE

Everybody knows the Parisian devil who looks down on the brilliant city from one of the towers of Notre Dame with a malignant leer on his ugly face, and most people know the devil of Lincoln, a quaint, cross-legged, leering little imp. These are well-known types of local devils whose name is legion, and whose business is to sow the seeds of envy, hatred, and malice, and to bring forth an abundant harvest of unhappiness. These local devils are of a specially mean type, and are full of a malignity which loves details and rejoices in giving small things a touch of bitterness and incidental words a sting that poisons. Each age also has its devil, of a larger mold, as befits his superior opportunities of making mischief, and a keener brain, as the subtlety of his methods plainly shows. The devil of the earlier time was a hideous creature whose aspect went a long way toward disarming him by giving his victims a strong sense of repulsion. His successor of the Middle Ages was a much more agreeable person, with a sinister face and a foot which he took great pains to conceal, but with a keen wit, an air of splendid audacity, and a genius for making promises, all as beguiling as those of some modern promoters. This was the interesting gentleman in crimson with whom Faust had dealings, and whose final defeat in that transaction was symbolic of the victory of unselfishness over greed and meanness.

To-day the devil is in very straitened circumstances; his sovereign power has gone, all trace of his high condition as an archangel has disappeared, and he is doing a precarious business by the meanest of methods. He no longer fights in the open like a lost spirit that has kept its courage, but stabs from behind and in the dark like any vulgar assassin. The twentieth-century devil is simply a mean, demoralizing, debilitating habit of doubting; a sneering, scoffing mood; a cynical spirit which derides the virtue it cannot attain and the goodness it does not understand. In Faust's time the devil was "the spirit that denies," but he stood up to his argument and was not afraid to nail his theses on the doors of the university; to-day he sneaks about the world dropping the poison of cynicism, the bitter distillation of doubt, into the cup of life at the very moment when it is held foaming to the lips.

Let no man think lightly of the twentieth-century devil, however, because he has become a skulking poisoner; his warfare has degenerated into a skirmish, but those who fall by his hand are still a host.

The devil in every age has hated holy water, and the sight of the cross has turned his most brilliant audacity into shriveling cowardice; to-day he shrinks into insignificance when the Christmas glow falls on him. He loathes the good cheer, the kindly feeling, the warm heart of Yuletide, and when holiday week begins his animosity and ingenuity drive him into superhuman activity. In the light that streams from the hearth he looks so small and black that he doubts himself; and when the devil doubts himself he is on the verge of suicide, for to doubt that you doubt is the first step toward belief, and belief destroys the devil. In holiday week the devil's chief business is to sneer at the well-worn festivities which have kept the heart of the world young for almost twenty centuries and to scoff at those who make merry with the children as weak sentimentalists or shallow optimists, for it is an old device of the devil to frighten the warm-hearted and hopeful by calling them sentimental and shallow. In Shakespeare's greatest play, Polonius, the experienced old courtier, loads his son Laertes, who is about to go into the world, with the kind of advice which keeps a man out of trouble by locking up all his daring hopes, his fine ambitions, and his generous impulses. George Macdonald has said very justly that Polonius's advice would

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have been sound if the devil had been God! Now this is precisely what the devil would like to be, and this is the secret of his relentless hatred of all nobleness of feeling, generosity of impulse, and kindly activity. He no longer frightens people with horns and hoofs; but he wears good clothes, uses good English, has the air of knowing the world from top to bottom, and frightens a host of people by his superior way of sneering at the things which are sweet and true and wholesome.

It is impossible not to admire the cool audacity of the twentieth-century devil and the quiet air with which he carries on an extensive trade on a very small capital of knowledge. His chief asset is this assumption of a large acquaintance with life, and his impertinent coolness in affecting to regard as provincials who have never gone beyond local ideas those who believe in the virtues.

The devil, who once wore hoofs and horns, and later scarlet doublet and hose, now wears the habit of the sage who has outgrown the illusions of childhood, put aside the dreams of youth, and sadly accepted what he calls "the facts of life," meaning, of course, those facts for which he and his kind are responsible. He would be driven out of business but for the capital put into his hands by the people who live by the so-called "rule of reason"—that literal and unimaginative application of a hard-and-fast, matter-of-fact logic to this mysterious and wonderful life of ours. Dr. Jowett is reported to have said that logic is neither an art nor a science, but a "dodge;" in the use of this dodge the devil shows the thoroughness of a scientist and the beguiling skill of an artist. His greatest modern triumph is his ability to persuade men to reject the deepest instincts, the purest feelings, the divinations of the spirit, the impulses of the heart, the golden legends of the saints, as untrustworthy, and to accept in their place the findings of a logical faculty which, like Mr. Gradgrind of Coketown, will have the fact and nothing but the fact, though it lose its soul by starvation.

It is a very mean little devil who befuddles the brains of men about Christmas and its festivities of faith and love, its ancient and unforgetable poetry of the divinity of the child and the adoration of the wise and the joy of angels—a devil so small and mean that in the glow of the Christmas fire he contracts into a little black spot. If Christmas fires were lighted in all homes as fires are lighted in the woods to keep off wild beasts, we should soon make an end of this skulking devil. The glowing hearth, the shining star, the pealing of bells, the music of carols, the stirring of generous impulses in the hearts that he has chilled, strike him with a premonition of death, as the sight of the cross in the old plays and stories blighted and disarmed him. He is much more disturbed by the sound of "The Golden Carol," "Gloria in Excelsis," and "O Little Town of Bethlehem" than by big books of theology. "The Christmas Carol" and all stories of grace and sentiment and generous feeling are on his Index Expurgatorius; and in the joy in children's voices and on the faces of their elders he reads his doom.

Those who are fighting the good fight of faith and love and hope against cynicism, scorn, and doubt have no need of other weapons than those which Christmas puts into their hands: the humility of a child, faith in the soul as well as the body of life, the habit of helpfulness, the gentle heart, and faith in love and purity and brotherliness as the regenerating forces in society.

THE OUTLOOK'S INSULAR POLICY

We print on another page two letters on the subject of America's Insular Possessions and their ultimate relations to the United States. Ex-Governor Post of Porto Rico argues against, Dr. William Hayes Ward of the New York Independent argues in favor of, ultimate Statehood. Our object in this article is not to comment upon these letters, but to state why on this subject we agree with ex-Governor Post and dissent from the conclusions so ably advocated by Dr. Ward.

There are four possible solutions of the American colonial problem.

We may govern our insular peoples permanently as subject peoples.

We may prepare them for local self-

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government as colonies under American sovereignty, as Canada is a self-governing community under British sovereignty.

We may make them citizens of the United States and prepare them, after a term of Territorial organization, for admission into the Union as States.

We may prepare them for a wholly independent existence as separate nationalities.

No one in America proposes the first plan. It may be dismissed without argument. The Outlook advocates the second plan—permanent organization as self-governing communities under the sovereignty of the United States, but not incorporated in the United States. We believe neither in subjection, Statehood, nor independence, but in a permanent colonial relationship.

It is quite time that the American people reached and affirmed a definite conclusion on this subject. The Nation ought to know to what policy it is committing itself. It cannot wisely determine present action without knowing what ultimate object it has in view. If these islands are to become American, American citizenship and absolute freedom of trade should be provided. If they are to become independent nationalities, American citizenship, to be hereafter forsworn, is not desirable, and freedom of trade may be undesirable. The inhabitants of these islands have a right to know what destiny is prepared for them, and for what destiny they should prepare themselves. Hope is both an incentive and a guide to progress. If the inhabitants of our insular possessions know not what to expect, that incentive and that guide is denied them. At present, both in Porto Rico and in the Philippines, the people are divided into antagonistic parties; some desire Statehood, some a permanent colonial relationship, some absolute independence. The ultimate decision of the question rests with America. Its decision now would do much to end a needless political unrest and leave the people free to decide on more immediate and therefore more important questions.

We are opposed to ultimate independence because it would be alike disadvantageous to the people of the islands and to the people of the United States. To the Philippines independence would mean either a long and needlessly slow process of political and commercial development without the tutelage of a more advanced race, or subjugation by a stronger power, unless, indeed, America chose to extend to the Orient the Monroe Doctrine and become a protector of independence against foreign interference, which we regard as an impossible policy. For Hawaii and for Porto Rico independence would mean a nation of insignificant proportions, without the commercial strength necessary to protect its economic independence or the military strength to protect even its existence. On this subject we are heartily in agreement with Dr. Ward: we also "believe in the advantage of great and greater political combinations."

Such independence of these colonies would also be disadvantageous to the people of the United States. The independence of the Philippines might relieve us of a temporary burden; but it would close a now partially opened door to the wealth of the Orient, with its as yet unrecognized opportunities for commercial development. The independence of Hawaii would almost inevitably result in that island becoming a Japanese dependency, and would bring within easy reach a neighbor who might at any time become a serious menace to the Pacific Coast. No appreciable number of Porto Ricans desire independent nationality. To cast them off would be to throw them into the arms of some European Power, and to convert an island of friends into one of humiliated enemies.

For the same reason that we oppose independent nationality for our insular possessions we oppose their ultimate admission to Statehood, and any steps in that direction: Statehood would be advantageous neither to them nor to us.

It would be no advantage to them. For the American people have scant interest in insular problems, and this is fortunate, since their ignorance on these problems is profound. What does the reader of this article know concerning the policy of carriage road building in Porto Rico, or whether it needs irrigation and how much and where, or concerning the question whether Chinese and Japanese laborers should be permitted or prohibited on the island of

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Hawaii, or how the opium traffic should be dealt with in the Philippines? The newspapers in New England discuss the deepening of the Mississippi River, and the preservation for the public of the coal lands of Alaska, and the prohibition of Chinese immigration into California. But they are wisely silent respecting problems in Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines; wisely, because even a newspaper cannot know everything.

And if we are not interested in the problems of our insular inhabitants, even less are they interested in ours. The burning National questions in America to-day are the tariff, the development of our waterways, the regulation of our railways, the control of our trusts, and the conservation of our National resources; and of all these questions the tariff question is the only one in which the Porto Ricans and the Filipinos have any interest. But Statehood would mean their equal voice with us in determining these and all National questions.

There is no probability that any one of these islands will ever become American in population. Hawaii, it may be claimed, is dominated by Americans. But if so, it is because Hawaii is not controlled by the majority of its people. We believe that there are more of Japanese than of any other race in the island. And sooner or later these energetic if not aggressive people will demand and will receive the ballot. The Porto Rican population is one of mixed blood, but largely Spanish. And the population is so dense that there is no probability that the island will ever have more than a very small minority of Americans. The Philippines are peopled by a Malay race, which will always dominate the islands, unless we abandon our American principles and our past promises and hold them in political subjection as an inferior race; and this it is certain we shall never do. The Porto Ricans of mixed blood, the Hawaiians of mixed races, and the Filipino-Malays have a right to demand that we give them now just and equal laws, and every opportunity to prepare themselves by educational processes—literary, industrial, and political—for ultimate self-government; but they have no right to demand that we invite them to help govern us. And this is what Statehood involves.

We may secure to the inhabitants of Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines all the benefits of Statehood without giving them a right to help elect the Congress which is to govern us. The Constitution of the British Empire affords, not a model for America to follow, but a suggestion of method by which we may well benefit. That method is the eventual organization of these island people as self-governing communities under the protection and subject to the sovereignty of the United States. We should like to see the same essential policy pursued toward Hawaii and the Philippines that has been pursued toward Porto Rico: absolute free trade between the islands and the United States; all moneys raised by Federal taxation—that is, by customs dues and internal revenue—paid over to the insular governments to be expended on the islands; and a local self-government maintained, and as rapidly as possible extended, until the islands become a wholly self-governing community, protected by the United States, under the sovereignty of the United States, and subject, at least for a considerable period, to restrictions analogous to those accepted by Cuba in its acceptance of the Platt Amendment.

We should also like to see the inhabitants of these islands, whatever their race, made citizens of the United States. Not by a blanket act declaring them so whether they will or no. Not by naturalization under our present naturalization laws, which provide only for the naturalization of aliens who, as a condition of naturalization, must renounce forever all allegiance to any foreign prince or potentate, and particularly to the prince or potentate of whom the alien may be at the time a subject. Under this law the inhabitants of our insular possessions cannot be naturalized, since they are not aliens and cannot renounce allegiance to any foreign prince or potentate. We should like to see enacted a special law providing that any inhabitant of such island possessions who has resided therein for a space of, say, five years—the period required for naturalization of aliens—may, by swearing to support and defend the laws and Constitution of the United States, become a citizen of the United States.

In short, we would at once make citi-

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zenship optional, but not obligatory, for all residents in our island possessions; we would continue the present educational policy for the purpose of making all the islands self-governing communities, with, eventually, full control of their local affairs; we would return to the islanders for expenditure in the islands all moneys raised therein by Federal taxation; we would have the islands, like the Territories, subject to the laws and Constitution of the United States as interpreted by the Supreme Court; and we would extend over the islands the protection of the United States alike against foreign foes and domestic rebellion.

This is The Outlook's Insular Policy.

THE VICTOR AND THE SPOILS

"To the victor belong the spoils" was long a political battle-cry. A politician's power lay in his control of political perquisites. When a man went to Congress, his district expected two things of him: first, a slice of the "pork barrel" in the shape of liberal appropriations for public buildings or river and harbor improvements; second, the control of certain appointments in our Civil Service.

After long prodding by reformers, Congress in 1883 dealt a death-blow to the old system by passing a Civil Service law putting a considerable portion of the service on the merit system. As Congress also authorized the Executive to prescribe regulations for admission into the Civil Service, our Presidents have availed themselves of the opportunity greatly to extend the scope and efficiency of that service in general.

In particular, with reference to its efficiency in the Department of State, the Nation owes much to the executive orders of Presidents Cleveland, Roosevelt, and Taft. The State Department has control of the diplomatic and consular services. After the last wholesale looting of the latter service the friends of consular reform pressed their cause with increasing energy. Their bill was passed three years ago in a modified form and the service put upon a permanent tenure. But President Roosevelt, by later executive order, did what Congress was then unwilling to do. The principle of appointments for fitness and after examination was established.

During the Roosevelt régime the same principle was applied in the diplomatic service as far as possible by Secretaries Hay and Root. In 1905 President Roosevelt's executive order provided for examinations for entrance into the lower diplomatic grades. As to promotions, the Hay-Root administration was one of appointment to the higher grades from the lower whenever possible. As an example, take the case of Mr. Lloyd Griscom. In 1899 he entered the service under Mr. Hay, as Secretary of Legation at Constantinople, afterwards becoming Chargé d'Affaires. He did well and deserved his successive promotions to be Minister to Persia and Ambassador to Japan, Brazil, and Italy.

The whole reform thus divides itself into the features of examinations and promotions.

I. As to examinations. Similar examinations to those established by Secretary Root in the consular service and confirmed by President Roosevelt, but more extended, have now, we are glad to say, been established by Secretary Knox in the diplomatic service, and confirmed by President Taft. Both the Examining Board and the number of subjects for the written examinations have been enlarged. An oral and a physical examination have been added. The subjects are announced as follows:

International law, diplomatic usage, and a knowledge of at least one modern language other than English, to wit, French, Spanish, or German.

The natural, industrial, and commercial resources and the commerce of the United States, especially with reference to the possibility of increasing and extending the trade of the United States to foreign countries.

American history, government, and institutions, and the modern histories since 1850 of Europe, Latin America, and the Far East.

The oral examination is to determine the candidate's alertness, general contemporary information, and a natural fitness for the service, including mental, moral, and physical qualifications, character, address, and general education, and good command of English.

In the determination of the final rating, written and oral readings are to be of equal weight, and the physical examination will be supplemental. No person with a general rating of less than 80 out of 100 is to be

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eligible. The age limits are between twenty-one and fifty years. Eligible candidates are to be certified to the Secretary, and remain on the list two years.

But the examination feature contemplates a wider field. Transfers from one branch of the Foreign Service to another are not to be made except upon the successful passing of the prescribed examination. Thus the co-operation between the diplomatic and consular services should become closer.

II. Then there comes the promotion feature. The department's declared policy will not alone be to promote deserving men, as in the Hay-Root administration. A plan inaugurated by Mr. Huntington Wilson, Assistant Secretary of State, to whom much of the credit is due for recent developments of the merit system, has now the President's authority. First of all, secretaryships in the diplomatic service are to be classified according to their relative importance. Second, an efficiency record is to be kept of every officer in the service, so that there may be no promotion except upon well-established efficiency, and that there may be no retention except upon the maintenance of an average high standard of efficiency. Moreover, the Secretary of State is directed to report from time to time to the President the names of those who have shown special capacity. Third, the initial appointments to secretaryships are to be made only to the lowest grades—that is to say, to the third secretaryship of an embassy, second secretaryship of a legation, or secretaryship where the legation has but one secretary. Vacancies in the higher classes are henceforth to be filled solely by promotion.

With such rules for examinations and promotions our diplomatic service should henceforth have a character of professional excellence. For this reason we may count upon the entrance into it as into a permanent profession of many more serious and efficient young men than those who, largely because of the spoils system, once encumbered the service.

Our diplomatic service has always suffered from two drawbacks: It is not "paying;" it is not permanent. The Taft order will go a long way towards making it permanent.

A BOOK OF OLD FRIENDS

Mr. E. V. Lucas is one of the fortunate men of letters, not because he is fast gaining popularity, but because he has a genius for selecting the most delightful friends and getting the best out of them for the benefit of his fellow-mortals. This is not a common gift, and it is an invaluable one. In the day of the *salon* there were women, and still are in these days when the *salon* is largely a matter of the past, who had, and have, the faculty, not of saying brilliant things, but of making it easy for other people to say brilliant things. Such women are interpreters of a very high order. They supply an atmosphere in which a shy or an eccentric nature easily expands and expresses itself. It is the good fortune of Mr. Lucas to have a very wide acquaintance with English literature; to be able to sit at the hearthstone, not with the most famous men who have written English books, but with the most enjoyable and companionable. It was in the very nature of things that Mr. Lucas should write the biography of Charles Lamb; it was also in the nature of things that he should become the editor of a group of anthologies in prose and in verse which are as companionable little books of their kind as any that have appeared. It was also inevitable that he should write "Over Bemerton's," that quiet romance redolent of good literature and the bookshop, and that he should make himself, in the three books on Paris, London, and Holland, not a guide in a professional way, but a well-posted and communicative companion who takes his friends to the places that have the finest associations.

Mr. Lucas's latest editorial achievement, "Some Friends of Mine" (Macmillan), is as pleasant a book as has come from the press for many a day. There is not a dull extract in it; it is free from the general sense of promiscuousness which afflicts the reader of the conventional anthology. It is like a gathering of entertaining and odd people, with every one of whom the reader would like to make acquaintance. There are humorous country gentlemen, cricketers, borrowers, hunters, adventurers, monks, painters, bookworms, and the like; and each is persuaded to put his best foot forward.

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If he does not talk himself, some friend talks about him; and it often happens that the man talked about fares better at the hands of his friends than he would have fared at his own hands; for it is generally true, with some notable exceptions, that, as Dryden has said, every word a man says about himself is a word too much. Here, for instance, is a charming tale of the inconsequentiality of Shelley—one of those delightful inconsistencies which bring a man of genius to earth and make him one of us:

"Come along! It is dusk; tea will be ready; we shall be late!"

"No! I must have something to eat first; come in." He walked about the room impatiently.

"When will your dinner be ready? What have you ordered?"

"I asked for eggs and bacon, but they have no eggs; I am to have some fried bacon." He was struck with horror, and his agony was increased at the appearance of my dinner. Bacon was proscribed by him; it was gross and abominable. It distressed him greatly at first to see me eat the bacon; but he gradually approached the dish, and, studying the bacon attentively, said: "So this is bacon!" He then ate a small piece. "It is not so bad either." More was ordered; he devoured it voraciously. "Bring more bacon." It was brought, and eaten. "Let us have another plate." "I am very sorry, gentlemen," said the old woman, "but indeed I have no more in the house." The Poet was angry at the disappointment, and rated her. "What business has a woman to keep an inn, who has not enough bacon in the house for her guests? She ought to be killed!"

"Really, gentlemen, I am very sorry to be out of bacon; but I only keep by me as much as I think will be wanted. I can easily get more from Staines; they have very good bacon always in Staines."

"As there is nothing more to be had, come along, Bysshe; let us go home to tea." "No! Not yet; she is going to Staines, to get us some more bacon."

"She cannot go to-night; come along."

He departed with reluctance, grumbling as we walked homewards at the scanty store of bacon, lately condemned as gross and abominable. The dainty rustic food made a strong impression upon his lively fancy, for when we arrived, the first words he uttered were, "We have been eating bacon together on Hounslow Heath, and do you know, it was very nice. Cannot we have bacon here, Mary?"

"Yes, you can, if you please; but not to-night. Here is your tea; take that."

"I had rather have some more bacon," sighed the Poet.

Who would miss this characteristic incident in the life of De Quincey, who was as simple as a child, and at the same time one of the subtlest men of his generation:

He arrives very late at a friend's door, and on gaining admission—a process in which he often endured impediments—he represents, with his usual silver voice and measured rhetoric, the absolute necessity of his being then and there invested with a sum of money in the current coin of the realm—the amount limited, from the nature of his necessities, which he very freely states, to seven shillings and sixpence. Discovering, or fancying he discovers, signs that his eloquence is likely to be unproductive, he is fortunately reminded that, should there be any difficulty in connection with security for the repayment of the loan, he is at that moment in possession of a document, which he is prepared to deposit with the lender—a document calculated, he cannot doubt, to remove any feeling of anxiety which the most prudent person could experience in the circumstances. After a rummage in his pockets, which develops miscellaneous and varied but as yet by no means valuable possessions, he at last comes to the object of his search, a crumpled bit of paper, and spreads it out—a fifty-pound bank-note! The friend, who knew him well, was of opinion that, had he, on delivering over the seven shillings and sixpence, received the bank-note, he never would have heard anything more of the transaction from the other party. It was also his opinion that, before coming to a personal friend, the owner of the note had made several efforts to raise money on it among persons who might take a purely business view of such transactions; but the lateness of the hour, and something in the appearance of the thing altogether, had induced these mercenaries to forget their cunning, and decline the transaction.

Of Crabb Robinson, "old Crabb," as his friends called him, one of the most entertaining characters and one of the most interesting in English literature, this story is told:

"I was engaged to dine with Mr. Wansey at Walthamstow. When I arrived there, I was in the greatest distress, through having forgotten his name. And it was not until after half an hour's worry that I recollected he was a Unitarian, which would answer as well; for I instantly proceeded to Mr. Cogan's. Having been shown into a room, young Mr. Cogan came—'Your commands, sir?'

"'. . . Mr. Cogan, I have taken the liberty to call on you in order to know where I am to dine to-day.' He smiled. I went on: 'The truth is, I have accepted an invitation to dine with a gentleman, a recent acquaintance, whose name I have forgotten; but I am sure you can tell me, for he is a Unitarian, and the Unitarians are very few here.'"

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THE SPECTATOR

The Spectator happened to be traveling through the Hudson Tunnels the other day, and was interested by a picturesque advertisement headed "At the Sign of the Green Dragon." That sounded like a fairy tale, to begin with, and then it went on:

"*When you come to our store, go to the Rest Room, at the Sign of the Green Dragon, and ask the maid for a cup of tea.*

"*Any kind of tea you prefer. It is always ready for you, with no charge whatever.*

"*Do not forget the Sign of the Green Dragon.*"

Then followed the name of a big department store. The Spectator does not do the family shopping, but he told Mrs. Spectator about the advertisement that evening as a wonderful new departure, only to find that she knew all about it.

"Yes, and it is *very* good tea," she said, "and such nice, obliging maids. You ought to see how crowded the Green Dragon is sometimes in the afternoon. The women look so tired often when they come in, and in ten minutes they are so rested and refreshed."

"Ready to do some more shopping instead of going home?" suggested the Spectator.

"Why, yes. Do you suppose that's why? I always wondered why the stores did it, because good tea isn't cheap, or good maids either. The Green Dragon isn't the only tea-room. Several stores do the same thing; but I never thought it was anything but just to please shoppers and keep them in good humor with the store. And then it makes such a good advertisement. Department stores do the most marvelous things nowadays just for advertisement. I was in one today where they had a lovely gallery of modern French pictures—originals, and really fine, some of them—well hung and lighted, and with chairs and an ottoman to sit down on and look at them. I don't see how they make money out of that—it takes the time when one might be buying."

The Spectator thought of that last comment next day, when he happened to drop into a first-class department store to attend a sale of books. The strains of a splendid piece of operatic music came drifting to his ears, and he asked the clerk about it. "Just take the elevator to the third floor, sir, near the upholstery department, and hear the records they are trying—Melba and Caruso and a lot more." The Spectator obeyed, and found his way through aisles of lace curtains and beautiful rugs and upholstery fabrics to a spacious place furnished with dozens of wicker lounging-chairs in every style. The finest of phonographs, with an operator of great skill and knowledge, was rendering the most gilt-edged of records, the audience, of about fifty shoppers, being encouraged to ask for what they wanted. It was a charming little concert, and after half an hour of it the Spectator came away so soothed and uplifted that everything looked good to him, and he bought a rug which at any other time he would have felt that he could not have afforded. It is a good rug—but the phonograph sold it, not the salesman.

Since that day the Spectator has taken notice. Department-store attractions of unusual kinds, he finds, are not generally on the ground floor and the center aisle, where the crowd tramp through from one street to the other. They are slightly withdrawn, and always reached by passing through a specially attractive department or two. One learned friend has explained to the Spectator that the mind of a shopper, like any other normal mind, has its "reactions." "The more a woman buys, the more automatic becomes the reaction," said this authority on mental processes. "Each article she sees suggests its own purchase, setting up a reaction that is unconscious but real. Some laugh at women for carrying shopping lists, but a woman's shopping list is her best weapon against the power of suggestion brought to bear by the stores. She keeps her mind to her list, which reinforces her will and her self-control and neutralizes outside suggestions by counter-suggestion that she does not mean to buy anything not set down for purchase." Mrs. Spectator rather smiled at this psychological analysis, but confessed afterward that when she lost her shopping list

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she really did buy more things she hadn't thought of getting than when her list was being consulted momentarily.

The Spectator had occasion to look up an advertising man in one of the big stores lately. He went to his offices, on the top floor—a very comfortable set of rooms, with stenographers and partitions galore—but was told the expert had just started on his morning trip through the store. "I will telephone to the various departments and see if I can find where he is," said the chief stenographer, and began the hunt. She called up one place after another. In one he had just left; in another, not yet come; in another, had left fifteen minutes before; and so on. "How long will it take for him to come back here if you don't find him?" asked the Spectator, thinking the advertising man liable to return within half an hour or so. "Oh," was the reply, "Mr. —— will be all the morning making his trip. You see, every day he goes to every department and looks at things and consults with the head of the department as to leading lines for next day, and gets the whole store in his head. Then all the afternoon he plans and dictates the copy. Our advertising has to be up to date, up to the hour and the minute," and the Spectator was more impressed with this than ever when the advertising man was finally located in the kitchen-ware department. There the visitor found him going over a new coffee-pot with the department head. The two were discussing all the varieties in the market, and were just despatching a sales-girl round to several other stores, in the guise of a shopper for coffee-pots, to see what prices ruled elsewhere. "I think we'll make a leader of it," the advertisement man decided, "setting it at or under cost price for next week only. Might as well have a demonstrator, too—the best-looker you've got, and the youngest-looking, because the theory is that a child can work it. Tell her to wear a short skirt and her hair like a high-school girl." But the coffee-pot was to him a thoroughly good one, notwithstanding these extra touches he was preparing to give it. "Wouldn't make a leader of it unless it was the best we could find," he explained to the Spectator. "It doesn't pay to deceive the public. What does pay is to lead them to buy a thing they're going to like after they get it."

Honesty and good advertising, indeed, go together in the department store. This same expert told the Spectator of a disastrous mistake made by a substitute stenographer last year. The regular stenographer was ill, and recommended a friend, who turned out to be careless. She stayed only three days, because on the third she made a blunder which cost the store several hundred dollars. "We had a line of wrappers that we decided to make a feature of," said the advertising man, frowning at the reminiscence, "and we announced them at $3.98—the other stores were selling about the same thing at $5. What did that girl do but drop out the '3' in her copy for the newspapers! Every paper came out next day with those wrappers for 98 cents—and they cost us $3.95 to make, every cent of it! Well, they were a feature all right. Women in the suburbs sat up all night to get the early trains, but even then the city women got ahead of them. Some of them brought the advertisement along, so's to be sure. The last wrapper was gone by the time we fired the stenographer, and we did that before noon."

"But couldn't you explain it was a mistake, or else put only a few dozen wrappers in the sale?" asked the Spectator, feeling his way to department-store standards.

"No, indeed," was the prompt reply. "We play fair with the public. They had it on us that time, and we took our loss. Maybe we didn't lose so much, after all; some of those women will talk about that wrapper bargain till they die. If that isn't gilt-edged advertising, nothing is."

"Believe in what you sell," was this expert's motto. Perhaps Professor James's "will to believe" may come in psychologically here; but, on the whole, the Spectator thinks the department-store advertising wins its victories fairly and squarely. Nevertheless, he advises every woman to carry her shopping list as a talisman against psychic suggestion when she goes to the Sign of the Green Dragon.

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ZELAYA AND NICARAGUA

BY FREDERICK PALMER

MY first information on the spot about Nicaraguan conditions related to the pier which extends like a tongue from a few corrugated iron roofs set in a clump of single-story, tumble-down houses which form the port of Corinto. The captain of our steamer remarked that, although he preferred to lighter his cargo, he must pay full charges for handling to the pier monopoly—that was the law.

"You will find this place about the worst of the lot," he said, feelingly, out of the knowledge drawn from twenty years' experience in Central American trade. "Everything is run by concessions and monopolies, and everybody's pretty well scared to death."

Ashore, the little soldiers in soiled blue jean uniforms who examined my baggage seemed more gleefully truculent than any I had met. But an American who has been through his own customs is a poor philosopher if he complains in a foreign land. There were literally six inspectors to one trunk. Every article was strewn on the fragments of sidewalk and minutely examined by the squad. Patience finally had its reward in preventing my camera films from being unrolled, though not until after I had paid the chief inspector one dollar in duty on a pair of shoes.

He put the dollar in his pocket and led me up the rickety stairs to the office of the captain of the port. Here my name, occupation, destination, and object of travel were written in a ledger, and with all the inspectors now turned baggage porters, each demanding his share of the emoluments, we picked our way through the unsanitary streets to the afternoon train for Managua, the capital. A sergeant of police went through the cars, taking the name, occupation, destination, and object of travel of everybody aboard. Careful espionage in this respect was observed all along the route.

Among my fellow-passengers were the representative of a foreign arms company, a coffee-planter, and a Filipino woman with her Nicaraguan husband, whom she had married in Manila. The drummer hoped to sell Zelaya a consignment of rapid-fire guns—the second since the Central American nations had agreed to settle all their differences by arbitration at Cartago. In the course of my free inquiries about conditions the planter suddenly whispered: "Take care! You'll be overheard. I own property, and they can make me a lot of trouble." The Filipino woman kept saying: "How filthy! How poor! Not at all like my country!" as she looked out of the window.

With intermittent downpours of rain and spells of burning sunshine, the train kept creeping on through the jungle of the lowlands, from village to village. Women and children, some of whom were pure native and some of mixed Indian and African blood, offered fruit for sale. Though it was a period of peace, troops of soldiers guarded the stations; a soldier was at either end of the car. Occasional piles of dyewood logs and the outskirts of a great foreign-owned sugar estate were the only noted signs of any important industry.

In the darkness of the capital square, with the rain still pouring, we descended from the train to an "ocean-going" hack, which bore us to the port of a hotel kept by an Italian. In the morning, when I asked him where I could find a bank that would honor my letter of credit, he startled me by saying that there were no banks in Nicaragua; but certain private firms had the privilege, by Zelaya's concession, of doing a banking business.

In a half-hour's walk you had the compass of this city of fifteen thousand souls on the shore of Lake Managua, which stretches away to the horizon under a film of moist heat like a tropical sea. There were few shops, few people in the streets; everywhere the evidence of restraint and decay. The ill-clad soldiers were omnipresent. Their principal barracks adjoined the palace, and on the façade of this ornate building, in brilliant

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blue and red letters, was the monogram of José Santos Zelaya, founder of the Zelayan system of politics, finance, and morals.

His admirers say that he is the "lion of Central America." He has been in the saddle for fifteen years. No observer will contend that there has ever been anything but a nominal election, or that the Constitution has been in anything but a state of suspension during his time. He holds his place, according to the unwritten rule of Central America, till a "better man" can drive him out at the point of the bayonet. Now that his large fortune is safely invested abroad, either he stays because he likes his unique occupation, or else, as it is whispered behind closed doors in Managua, he has not found an opportunity of escape from his watchful dependents, who know that their perquisites are over when another victor marches into the palace.

Thus far he has nipped in the bud countless incipient outbreaks and beaten all those that gained headway. His right arm of defense against revolution is the telegraph, the one modern innovation of which every dictator unhesitatingly approves. If any of his enemies moves, if his spies discover a plot forming, he has instant word. Suspects are thrown in jail or shot at will. Formerly, when he sought to extort information or a sum of money from a citizen, his jailers used an enema of Chili peppers and alcohol. This style of torture became too well known, and has been abandoned of late.

Relative to its wealth, Nicaragua has spent more in military preparedness in the last ten years than Germany or France. Relative to its population, it certainly has more men under arms at the present time than Japan had in Manchuria at the close of the war with Russia. The method of conscription, whether for the Presidential or the Insurrectionist army, is by ruthless impressment. The band of professional ruffians who form the nucleus of these armies are usually able to make the recruit fight after a fashion. Sometimes he fights with desperate bravery out of sheer fear of death at the hands of adversaries who will give no quarter.

Zelaya is fond of his troops. He has allowed them to have some share in the spoils of war and instilled into them a love of battle for its own sake. There are three or four thousand daredevils of a type on whom he can measurably depend. Perhaps now he will want their services only to cover his flight. But before we consider the outcome of this crisis, a word about Zelaya the financier.

The door seems open to any foreign or native adventurer who will pay the price for the surrender of any part of the country's resources. Practically every staple of existence is a monopoly in Nicaragua. The sole right of manufacture or sale is granted to a company or an individual. In return Zelaya either receives a perquisite through Joaquin Passos, the President's son-in-law and go-between, or, if he sees more profit in that direction, an interest in the investment.

He is reputed to own the majority of the shares of the whisky monopoly; certainly he has a large proportion. One of his fellow-stockholders, an American, told me that the profits averaged ten per cent a month, or one hundred and twenty per cent a year on the actual capital. The business has been promoted by an immense increase in the number of drinking-places since the granting of the concession. For a tropical country drunkenness is unusually common in Nicaragua.

Next in order of profit is the tobacco monopoly, which yields from eighty to one hundred per cent a year. Recently the tariff on petroleum was raised sufficiently to increase the price to the consumer by ten dollars a case. But Passos, who has the oil monopoly, was allowed to bring in fifty thousand cases at the old rate, which is equivalent to a gift of $500,000. Nor was that the only handicap laid on competing importers. Dr. Luis H. Deboyle has a concession to import medicine free for his hospital. As he is the judge of how much medicine his hospital needs, he has a grip on the wholesale drug business of the entire country. His patients' consumption of petroleum is worthy the attention of medical congresses. He brings in a hundred cases free in a single consignment.

Rubber, mahogany, dyewoods, coffee, and all the staple products of the land suffer an export tax. Imports are valued by weight, and the perplexing schedule of surtaxes leaves the application largely a

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matter of the individual volition of the captain of the port. All duties are payable in rubber bonds, an invention of Zelaya's peculiarly resourceful mind. If paid in gold, an additional premium of fifty per cent is exacted. Naturally, rubber bonds are above par, and, needless to say, they are mostly in the hands of Zelaya and his friends.

The monetary system is of the same uncertain type as in the rest of the Central American republics, with the exception of Costa Rica, which has a gold standard. There you know that a five-dollar gold piece will have the same value when you rise in the morning as when you went to bed. In Nicaragua an enormous amount of paper with no metal backing relies on the confidence of the natives as a basis. A paper dollar may be worth fifteen cents one day and seventeen the next, with profitable results for the usurers, but not for the average citizen. The economic effect of Zelaya's administration as a whole may best be appreciated on the boundary line between Nicaragua and Costa Rica. Land of equal fertility on the Nicaragua side of the San Juan River will sell for about one-fifth as much as on the Costa Rican side.

All justice centers in Zelaya, who has the power of life and death over his people. The rule of a Turkish pasha is, comparatively, wise and benevolent. Zelaya's censorship would please the most extreme Russian reactionary. No criticism of him or his policies may appear in the half-dozen little newspapers. Every foreign despatch is subject to the scrutiny of this indefatigable and incomprehensible tyrant, who spends the money that he does not send abroad for his private account, not in roads and schools, but in military preparations which gratify his vanity. The small percentage of people who can read have no opportunity of knowing what is passing in the outside world. Intellectually they are almost as isolated as the Tibetans. Churches are in decay, and the inclinations of the President, who calls himself a Liberal, are all against religion. His refusal to allow the simple, unsectarian propaganda of the Bible Society to enter Nicaragua is characteristic, though far from the worst item to his account.

From many sources I heard that he freely practices the *droits de seigneur* of the Dark Ages. The same privilege in their districts extends to the brutal soldier *commandantes*. If the father of the girl victim complains, the answer may be imprisonment. Should he desire to leave the country, the ruler who sends citizens into exile at will may forbid his departure. And all these facts must be in the archives of our State Department; or, if not, they are readily obtainable from our ministers and consuls. Is it any wonder that a new Secretary of State, becoming for the first time familiar with such conditions, should act with spirit upon the summary execution by Zelaya of two American citizens?

Estrada started his revolution on the thinly populated east coast, which distance and the influence of the United Fruit Company has given some independence from Zelaya's exactions. All the principal towns are on the western slope. Between Estrada and his goal, the capital, are the highlands and vast stretches of jungle. Would his success mean any real improvement? One of his first acts was to lay tribute by force on the well-to-do people of the territory he had occupied. His reputation is typical of Central America. He was bred in the school of one-man power. Without restraint or direction, he will probably follow the example of his predecessors.

In any event, he cannot be a worse international mischief-maker than Zelaya, who has always been threatening or making war on his neighbors. In 1907 Zelaya put troops aboard his gunboat and invaded Salvador without any declaration of hostilities. His war on Honduras later led to the Central American Peace Conference in Washington, to which, with a duplicity emphasized by after events, he sent a message through his delegate, saying that he would gladly resign in order to secure peace in Central America. Out of this Conference, under Mr. Root's direction, developed the most advanced treaty of arbitration to which any group of nations ever agreed. They bound themselves to settle their differences before the permanent court at Cartago. Yet hardly had this been inaugurated when Zelaya began preparations for another invasion of Salvador, which was frustrated.

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War seems to amount to a mania with Zelaya, while he shares a predilection for international intrigue with the other dictators. They keep watch of one another through elaborate spy systems; they are always plotting. A favorite plan of striking at your enemy is to assist one of the "outs" whom he has exiled in secretly preparing within your own territory a revolutionary band which marches across the border. An article of the Root treaty aimed at this abuse. It was welcome to every dictator so far as his own authority was concerned, for it would assist him in keeping his internal enemies in check, and as long as this was possible he would remain in power.

Whatever the ultimate result of our action toward Zelaya, it has forced our attention to territory and to populations whose welfare must be our concern. You look in vain on library shelves bearing long lists about Tibet, Persia, and other distant lands without finding a single modern authoritative book about a region nearer the Gulf ports than are the ports of New England; a region which the Panama Canal and our expansion of trade and influence inextricably link with our future. We are familiar with the affairs of Morocco, but not with those of our neighbors. Central America is a *terra incognita*, the fever-stricken home of *opéra bouffe* revolutions. We extend the ægis of the Monroe Doctrine over the weaklings and, conscience free, turn in horror to the account of a Russian *pogrom*, while conditions worse than any in Russia exist at our very door.

With a commission from the Chicago Tribune to visit every one of the republics from the Rio Grande to Panama, I went south a year ago. An old traveler's first skepticism of the truth of the accounts he heard was overwhelmed by proofs from unprejudiced sources of information and bursting in at the door of vision from all sides as he proceeded. The *opéra bouffe* perspective disappeared in the tragedy of proximity. For likeness one had Panama before the Canal days and Cuba before she was set on her feet. For contrast one had the great countries of South America, where progressive Spanish civilization casts its spell over every visitor.

I kept searching for something South American, and found it in miniature in Costa Rica, where neither the exile system, military executions without trial, organized extortion, nor farcical elections prevail. Though Costa Rica is in the yellow fever belt, its sanitation is so far advanced that the sick are sent there from the Canal Zone for convalescence. San José has a Government theater surpassed on this continent only by those at Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro, and excellent schools, hospitals, and libraries.

But Costa Rica, like South America, is Latin-American. The majority of her people are of Spanish extraction. Her pioneers were settlers rather than adventurers and fortune-hunters. The small farmers and the day laborers recall types that you have seen in northern Spain. Our mistake is in putting in one class all the Spanish-speaking people. Central America is really Indo-American. Relatively a very small per cent of the people of Honduras, Guatemala, Salvador, and Nicaragua are pure white. The half-breeds, particularly in populous Salvador and Guatemala—where they are the politicians and revolutionists—do not constitute anything like a majority. The great mass are of pure, or at least preponderant, aboriginal strain. Those who were serfs on the coffee plantations in the Spanish days are still practically serfs.

In the fastnesses of the splendid highlands, so cool that you always need a blanket at night, with their climate of eternal spring, which our tourists, so familiar with the West Indian islands, never traverse, the tribes, adhering to their ancient customs, maintain the same attitude of passive resistance toward present-day rulers that they did toward the captains-general. There remains a trace, if no memory, of the civilization whose ruins call the archæologist.

The people of Central America, particularly of Nicaragua and Honduras, have been so long without hope that they need a helping hand before they can get a fair start. Whoever has seen our American missionaries at work with their practical schools in the interior of China, Alaska, India, and Asia Minor must regret that they do not appear in relatively greater numbers a little nearer home. It is easy to say, "Oh, it is Central America!" but,

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after all, the Central Americans are human beings. Is it logical to be stirred by Russian atrocities and not by atrocities in these little republics for which foreign residents, at any rate, consider us morally responsible?

Dreary travel in Honduras developed one glowing example of how the native will respond to opportunity. President Davilla, living in fear of assassination, had called in a Prussian-trained Chilean colonel to organize a corps of one hundred as a personal guard. These cadets were well and regularly fed, drilled, and exercised, and even regularly paid. The change after a few months of this régime was marvelous. Now boys are coming from all parts of Honduras, hoping that they, too, may belong to this proud, square-shouldered lot who are regularly fed and—wonder of wonders!—regularly paid.

Consider the conditions under which they were born and bred. In the last ten years their country has seen sixteen revolutions, wars, or invasions. Honduras has been the bone of contention between the dictators of Guatemala and Nicaragua, ravished first by one side and then by the other. It is one of the most backward portions of the earth. Larger than Illinois, it has only fifty-four miles of railway.

"Señor," said an old Honduran, "why should our people accumulate more than one shirt apiece, when a revolution may come along at any hour and rob them of anything not on their backs?"

And our part? We send some citizens to Central America of whom we must be proud. Our engineers have built the railways. The United Fruit Company has developed the banana lands. The Germans are the coffee-planters, the bankers, and the storekeepers. We supply the adventurers and the renegades, who are not wanted at home. Too frequently the *gringo* is judged by this type.

Our ever-changing policy toward the republics at intervals treats them as small boys. Then a spanking is in order. Again, we insist on treating them as self-respecting adults. "You Yankees mean to take this region for yourselves when you find it profitable," said an angry foreign resident—and this is the belief of the natives. "You say you do not interfere, while the Monroe Doctrine is interference of the worst kind. You allow no other country to hold these little satrapies responsible as self-reliant nations. You will undertake no reforms, but you protect their dictators in tyranny."

The application of reform raises a problem to test the ingenuity of any statesman. But if we should give up mixing the boy and the man idea and settle on some consistent and steady policy, the Central Americans would at least know our attitude. The dictators fully realize our power, and, with the exception of Zelaya, they will respond to advice, if firmly given and firmly supported. Through the direction of our Ministers, following lines laid down for their guidance from Washington, many abuses could be stopped; but hitherto—except for the spankings when we have lost our temper and for peace treaties signed at our command, by which our tutelary position was acknowledged—our legations have been tied hand and foot to scrupulous disinterestedness. When their outraged sensibilities have led them to act, an appeal behind their backs to Washington's sense of respect for the dignity and independence of a struggling sister republic has invariably led to a reprimand.

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PORTO RICO AND THE UNITED STATES: TWO VIEWS[1]

THE matter of Porto Rican citizenship was given so much prominence in the discussion of Porto Rican affairs at the Conference of the Friends of the Indians and Other Dependent Peoples, at Lake Mohonk, that perhaps a few words in amplification of what I said at the Conference may not be inappropriate.

A thorough understanding of opinion in Porto Rico itself and a wider understanding of the significance of this step to the American Nation are prerequisites to any intelligent judgment upon the granting of citizenship to the Porto Ricans. At least seventy-five per cent of the million people in Porto Rico are not interested in one way or another in the granting of citizenship. Only to the educated classes is this question of burning importance. This class may be divided roughly into four distinct elements: First, those who desire citizenship because it means the first step toward Statehood for the island; second, those who want citizenship because they feel that they are discriminated against and placed in an inferior position, subjects and playthings of a sovereign people; third, those to whom citizenship is confused with a greater degree of self-government, and who believe that the granting of citizenship would carry with it immediate and complete control of their political affairs; and, fourth, those who do not desire United States citizenship at all, and would consider it an abuse of power to force them to accept it.

We have to-day under our flag Hawaii, a fully organized Territory of the United States, with a population of Americans, Polynesians, and Asiatics, with the Americans in control; we have Porto Rico, for all practical purposes an organized Territory, lacking only in citizenship, with more than a million inhabitants of Spanish origin, and with but a small element of American residents; we have the Philippine Islands, practically organized as a Territory, but existing with some indefinite hope of independence, with a population composed of various races of Malay and Asiatic origin, with comparatively few Americans domiciled therein. In Santo Domingo, a sovereign republic, the United States has intervened in one of the most important functions of the government and stands responsible to the world for the credit of that republic. In Panama and Cuba, sovereign republics, the United States exercises a most important influence. Upon the completion of the Panama Canal the power and influence of the United States must necessarily increase throughout the Caribbean and Central American countries.

The granting of citizenship to all the inhabitants of Porto Rico, although but a step in the direction of complete assimilation, is still a step, and would tend to commit us to eventual Statehood for Porto Rico, and might be construed as indicating that it is the policy of the United States that extraneous territory occupied by foreign races falling under the influence of the United States will eventually be admitted as sovereign States of the Union.

The admission of Porto Rico alone as a State would not materially affect the Nation, but the admission, or promise of admission, of Porto Rico considered as the precursor of the possible admission of thirty or forty States of alien population and tropical conditions cannot be considered for a moment. The question would cease to be one of self-government for the colony and become a question of self-government of the Nation. This idea may possibly appear chimerical, but it must be taken into consideration as our preponderance in the Caribbean becomes more and more necessary.

My own personal opinion is that the question of citizenship for Porto Ricans would be better solved by permitting any individual Porto Rican who desires to become an American citizen to appear

[1] Elsewhere in this number of The Outlook will be found editorial comment upon these expressions of opinion from ex-Governor Post of Porto Rico and Dr. Ward of The Independent, both of which were written at the request of The Outlook.—THE EDITORS.

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before the nearest court of record in Porto Rico, and, without further expense or longer residence under the flag, obtain his final papers as a naturalized citizen. Undoubtedly this would disappoint those Porto Ricans who see the future welfare of their people dependent upon Porto Rico's admission to Statehood, and who wish to have the United States definitely declare such a policy. I do not believe, however, that it is wise at this time to do anything which would tie the hands of the coming generations of Americans and Porto Ricans in solving their future relations to the best advantage of both peoples.

REGIS H. POST.

In 1896, after the complete conquest of the island, Madagascar was declared a colony of France. There had been a protectorate for a dozen years, and for a good part of the time a state of war. The Queen of Madagascar had sent a deputation to England and to this country begging intervention and aid, but it found no effectual response from us nor from the nation whose missionaries had converted the people to Christianity.

It is thirteen years since the Queen was deported, a French Governor appointed, and the island, the fourth in size in the world, declared a colony of France. On the 3d of March of this year the French Government bestowed the right of citizenship on the Malagasy people. The day was celebrated with great enthusiasm. From this time the black natives of Madagascar will in a certain measure be represented in the French Senate and Chamber of Deputies in Paris, as are Algeria, Martinique, Guadeloupe, French India, Senegal, and Cochin-China, for in the French Republic citizenship gives the right of representation.

What the French Republic can afford to grant to the island of Martinique, to Senegal and Madagascar, I believe that the Republic of these United States can afford to give, with safety to its own institutions, to Porto Rico, and, later, to the Filipinos, if they wish it.

I do not ask that our Government should make haste to do for our colonies all that the French Government does for its colonies. We may do less, and more. But the principle is what I contend for: the recognition of the rights of our dependencies, the equal rights of their people to citizenship and self-government, and, after due instruction and trial, to participation with us in the government of what is their country as well as ours.

There may well be, and there are, reasons for delay. France yields the privilege to Madagascar after a dozen years of protectorate and thirteen years of colonial rule. We have held Porto Rico since 1898, and we found the island vastly more advanced than was Madagascar. But it seemed well to grant Porto Rico certain financial advantages hardly consistent with immediate full citizenship. We allow her to put the receipts from customs into her local treasury for her special needs while recovering commercial and agricultural prosperity. But there is no reason why this should be continued indefinitely. Porto Rico will ere long be able to pay her own expenses by ordinary taxation, just as our States and Territories do, and then this special privilege should be withdrawn and Porto Rico should undertake our duties and reponsibilities for commerce. The process is familiar to us. All but the original States have existed as Territories, under National law, with Governors appointed from Washington, but with Territorial legislatures whose laws can be vetoed by the President, and as Territories represented by a Delegate in Congress. Alaska has not yet reached this Territorial condition, but will, and that is the normal course for Porto Rico, indicated by precedent in all our territory, whether acquired from France or, like Porto Rico, from Spain.

What are the objections? I do not know of any except the prejudice against the sharing of our privileges with those whom we are pleased to regard as inferior. They are not like us. Yet they *are* like a great many of us. Are many of them Spanish by descent and do they speak the Spanish language? But the same is true of multitudes of our own citizens here at home. Are many of them of negro descent? So are millions of our citizens. Are many of them ignorant, even illiterate? So are hundreds of thousands of our own voters. If they talk Spanish, they are fast learning English, and our

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system of schools is more rapidly taking away the shame of illiteracy than in Louisiana. There remains little or nothing more than the argument against Dr. Fell, that of prejudice, and, I cannot but believe, of Anglo-Saxon arrogance. It is disguised under various masks, particularly the fear that the Porto Ricans who ask for citizenship cannot safely be trusted with the self-government which it will involve. But self-government for Porto Rico and for the Philippines we are pledged to, and greatly to our credit. It must come for all peoples. Even Great Britain is now compelled to extend the limits of self-government in India. We now give a large measure of self-government to Porto Rico, and it is a very moderate addition to give it a Territorial government and make its people citizens. To be sure, that will involve subsequent Statehood and representation in both Houses of Congress. Are we afraid? We have taken in Louisiana with all its French and negro population, and Spanish Florida, and we shall, this winter, take in Arizona and New Mexico. They do not hurt us, and we do them good, which is a more important consideration. We can assimilate them as we assimilate the millions of immigrants. The school does it, and we shall assimilate Porto Rico, and are already fast doing it. It has vastly changed in these last ten years.

I have no sympathy with the notion which demands a special racial or intellectual or educational standard for citizenship or the ballot. The doctrine is aristocratic; and full democracy is safe, safer than aristocracy, and it has the future. There are no steps backward. Give the ballot to the ignorant, and you will educate them, for you will have to. The ballot to the negro in the South gave the South the public school system, and so justified all the risk we took in the act. But the people of Porto Rico are not slaves just out of bondage; they have civilization and the Christian religion, and a goodly share of educated and intelligent people. With their influence, and our influence, it is cowardly to fear that the better element, supported by all the power of the United States Government, cannot keep the ignorant and basic elements in check. I believe that in time, and within a reasonably limited time, if we have the superior civilization and the better ethical ideals, we shall be able to assimilate those who come to us or whom we annex; and I further believe that it is our Christian duty to consider their interests even rather than our own, and not to hold them off and push them away as if we felt ourselves too good and great to share with them our advantages.

One further consideration I have kept in mind: I believe in the advantage of great and greater political combinations. It is vastly better that our immense territory should be under a single government and not divided into a number of separate and jealous nations. It would be still better for us if all North America were one nation, the parts separated by no barbed wire of custom-houses. We should understand each other better; we should be better friends. Equally it is a great thing for the peace of the world that Great Britain has created an empire in which full British citizenship is given to the people of Canada and Australia and South Africa and Jamaica; and if similar self-government is not given yet to India, that is the source of the one danger to the Empire, and it is now recognized that it must come there. Every enlargement of imperial area makes for peace by giving unified interests, and thus reduces the occasions for difference; while a better opportunity is given for the spread and adoption of the better institutions and customs. Small countries make small wars, while the control of large countries tends to large peace. It is well for the world that the United States has widened its territorial extent to the Arctic and the Caribbean Sea, and to the farther Pacific, or it will be if it becomes our policy to give our island possessions representative institutions, self-government, and the rights of citizenship like those which we possess. Whether in the end our system of States and Territories shall prevail, or the British system of responsible self-government for its possessions shall prevail, it is for the future to determine. Certainly Porto Rico is near enough and accessible enough to be made a State and be represented in both houses of Congress, as are Algeria and Martinique in the French Senate and Chamber of Deputies.

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After all, the answer one gives to the question is settled by his attitude of mind. What is his feeling towards humanity, towards the races and languages of which men are composed? Does he make much or does he make little or nothing of these distinctions? Does he think his own race so essentially, inherently, and permanently superior to other inferior races that it is not safe to give superior privileges, and they must be kept in distant subordination? This latter attitude, I believe, discourages progress and development, and is essentially false to anthropological science and to Christianity as well. Is it because we, of one melting-pot of the nations, are so superior to those who inhabit our dependencies, or else so inferior that we fear to be injured by their contact, that we hesitate to do for Porto Rico what the French Republic has this very year done for the blacks of Madagascar?

WILLIAM HAYES WARD.

A HYMN OF THE NATIVITY

BY RICHARD CRASHAW

INTRODUCTION BY HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

THE TWELFTH IN THE SERIES OF GREAT POEMS

IF leisure, peace, and prosperity of condition are favorable to the writing of poetry, Crashaw fell on evil days. He was born probably in 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death, and he died in 1650; his working years were few, and they were coincident with the rising storm which dethroned Charles I and silenced the choir of poets who at the close of the Shakespearean age made England a "nest of singing birds." Crashaw's career stopped short of the tragedy which overtook some of his most gifted contemporaries; it was not overhung with melancholy like Cowley's troubled life; but it was spent largely in exile. The vicissitudes of his outward fortunes appear, however, to have left no reflection in his inward life; unlike most men of genius of his time, he seems to have escaped inward struggle and to have found in religion the peace and joy which his country could not give him.

The story of his life is brief, and so indistinct through lack of detail that it is a bit of tracery faintly discernible on a fading surface. Born about 1616, the son of a clergyman eminent enough to be a preacher at the Temple, Crashaw began his education at the Charterhouse, with its fine sixteenth-century hall, its great staircase, and its later memories of Colonel Newcome; the school within whose gates an ancient quiet still lingers in the heart of the oldest London. In 1632 he was elected a Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge, whose ivy-covered inner walls and beautiful garden give it a unique place in that city of colleges. Five years later he moved across the street and became a Fellow in Peterhouse. Both these colleges are small and picturesque, and both are associated with Edmund Spenser. In 1641 he was admitted to a degree, probably that of Master of Arts. In 1644 a number of Fellows, of whom Crashaw was one, were expelled from the University because they refused to sign the Covenant imposed by Parliament. Crashaw entered the Roman Catholic Church, and a little later went to Paris, where he endured great hardships, like many young Englishmen in exile in different parts of Europe. Cowley found him in destitution, and presented him to the exiled Queen Henrietta Maria, who gave him aid and letters of introduction to influential people in Rome. In Rome he found employment as secretary to a Cardinal, and later secured an appointment as a Canon of the Church of Loretto; in this service he died in 1650.

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Little is known about Crashaw's personality, but the fact that he had the friendship of Cowley and Selden counts for much. In the preface to the original edition of his works it is said, with some ardor of style, that his "Steps to the Temple" was written while at Peterhouse, where "he made his nest more gladly than David's swallow near the house of God: where, like a primitive saint, he offered more prayers in the night than others usually offer in the day;" that he knew Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, and Spanish, and had skill in music, drawing, limning, graving; that he had rare moderation in diet; that "he never created a Muse out of distempers, nor, with our Canary scribblers, cast any strange mists of surfeits before the intellectual beams of his mind or memory." If this high-flown sentence means to convey the impression that he was free from the passion for conceits and far-fetched similes to which many of his contemporaries were victims, it must be taken as an expression of friendship rather than of exact characterization. There is no reason to doubt Crashaw's piety, but his well-known lines to an imaginary mistress of his heart, beginning,

"Whoe'er she be,
That not too impossible she,
That shall command my heart and me,"

and a little group of pieces on "The Delights of the Muses," indicate that his sainthood was not without the relief of very human emotions. The contents of the group of little volumes in which his poems originally appeared, now very rare, can be compressed into a single book of moderate size, divided under the titles: "Steps to the Temple," "The Delights of the Muses," "Sacred Poems," "Poemata Latina," and "Epigrammata Sacra."

Crashaw had both religious and poetic feeling, and in his happiest moments touched his work with the power of sincerity and the grace of imagination; at his best he shows capacity for an inspiration that lifted him above the affectations and artificialities of his age. But his critical sense did not save him from gross absurdities and far-fetched conceits. He did not write academic exercises as often as did Cowley, of whom Dryden said: "He could never forgive any conceit which came in his way, but swept like a drag-net great and small." The poet in Crashaw often put the pedant to sudden flight; in a long-sustained, wearisome, and most unpoetic declamation to the effect that the arrow of a seraph could not inflame the heart of Saint Theresa he rises abruptly into the region of poetry in these striking lines:

"O thou undaunted daughter of desires!
By all thy dower of lights and fires,
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove,
By all thy lives and deaths of love,
By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they;
By all thy brim-fill'd bowls of fierce desire,
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire,
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seiz'd thy parting soul, and seal'd thee his;
By all the heav'ns thou hast in him,
Fair sister of the seraphim!
By all of him we have in thee,
Leave nothing of myself in me:
Let me so read thy life that I
Unto all life of mine may die."

Often diffuse and given to repetition; writing, as Pope said, like a gentleman for his own amusement, Crashaw can charge an artificial form with real feeling and give it the interest of ingenious imagination. When he escaped from "fustian imitation of brocade," he was capable of a certain nobility and even splendor of thought and diction, and rose in a few passages to the heights of passionate eloquence of style. "A Hymn of the Nativity, Sung by the Shepherds," the last of the series of twelve representative poems reprinted in The Outlook during the present year, is quaint after the manner of its time and not free from conceits, but it has touches of tenderness and beauty which entitle it to a place among the true Christmas Hymns of English poetry.

H. W. M.

QUEM VIDISTIS PASTORES, ETC.

A Hymn of the Nativity, sung by the Shepherds.

CHORUS.

Come, we shepherds whose blest sight
Hath met Love's noon in Nature's night;
Come, lift we up our loftier song,
And wake the sun that lies too long.

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To all our world of well-stol'n joy
He slept, and dreamt of no such thing,
While we found out Heaven's fairer eye,
And kiss'd the cradle of our King;
Tell him he rises now too late
To show us aught worth looking at.

Tell him we now can show him more
Than he e'er show'd to mortal sight,
Than he himself e'er saw before,
Which to be seen needs not his light:
Tell him, Tityrus, where th' hast been,
Tell him, Thyrsis, what th' hast seen.

TITYRUS.

Gloomy night embraced the place
Where the noble infant lay:
The babe look'd up, and show'd His face;
In spite of darkness it was day.
It was Thy day, sweet, and did rise,
Not from the East, but from Thy eyes.
Chorus. It was Thy day, sweet, etc.

THYRSIS.

Winter chid aloud, and sent
The angry North to wage his wars:
The North forgot his fierce intent,
And left perfumes instead of scars.
By those sweet eyes' persuasive powers,
Where he meant frosts he scattered flowers.
Chorus. By those sweet eyes', etc.

BOTH.

We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,
Young dawn of our eternal day;
We saw Thine eyes break from the East,
And chase the trembling shades away:
We saw Thee, and we blest the sight,
We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.

TITYRUS.

Poor world, said I, what wilt thou do
To entertain this starry stranger?
Is this the best thou canst bestow—
A cold and not too cleanly manger?
Contend, the powers of heaven and earth,
To fit a bed for this huge birth.
Chorus. Contend, the powers, etc.

THYRSIS.

Proud world, said I, cease your contest,
And let the mighty babe alone;
The phœnix builds the phœnix' nest,
Love's architecture is His own.
The babe, whose birth embraves this morn,
Made His own bed ere He was born.
Chorus. The babe, whose birth, etc.

TITYRUS.

I saw the curl'd drops, soft and slow,
Come hovering o'er the place's head,
Off'ring their whitest sheets of snow
To furnish the fair infant's bed.
Forbear, said I, be not too bold,
Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold.

THYRSIS.

I saw th' obsequious seraphim
Their rosy fleece of fire bestow,
For well they now can spare their wings,
Since Heaven itself lies here below.
Well done, said I; but are you sure
Your down, so warm, will pass for pure?
Chorus. Well done, said I, etc.

BOTH.

No, no, your King's not yet to seek
Where to repose His royal head;
See, see how soon His new-bloom'd cheek
'Twixt mother's breasts is gone to bed.
Sweet choice, said we, no way but so,
Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow!
Chorus. Sweet choice, said we, etc.

FULL CHORUS.

Welcome all wonders in one sight!
Eternity shut in a span!
Summer in winter! day in night!

CHORUS.

Heaven in earth! and God in man!
Great little one, whose all-embracing birth
Lifts earth to Heaven, stoops Heaven to earth!

Welcome, tho' nor to gold, nor silk,
To more than Cæsar's birthright is:
Two sister seas of virgin's milk,
With many a rarely temper'd kiss,
That breathes at once both maid and mother,
Warms in the one, cools in the other.

She sings Thy tears asleep, and dips
Her kisses in Thy weeping eye;
She spreads the red leaves of Thy lips,
That in their buds yet blushing lie.
She 'gainst those mother diamonds tries
The points of her young eagle's eyes.

Welcome—tho' not to those gay flies,
Gilded i' th' beams of earthly kings,

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Slippery souls in smiling eyes—
But to poor shepherds, homespun things,
Whose wealth's their flocks, whose wit's to be
Well read in their simplicity.

Yet, when young April's husband show'rs
Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,
We'll bring the first-born of her flowers,
To kiss Thy feet, and crown Thy head.

To Thee, dread Lamb! whose love must keep
The shepherds while they feed their sheep.

To Thee, meek Majesty, soft King
Of simple graces and sweet loves!
Each of us his lamb will bring,
Each his pair of silver doves!
At last, in fire of Thy fair eyes,
Ourselves become our own best sacrifice!

THE ABOLITION OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS

BY W. DE WITT HYDE
PRESIDENT OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE

UNDER this title I do not refer to the political problem of our English cousins; but to the American House of Lords and the campaign of 1910 in the United States. By the American House of Lords I do not mean the Senate, though individual Senators are its most effective agents. I refer to the rapidly increasing group of men, hereditary through incorporation, who determine at the same time and by the same decree how much we shall pay in taxes to the Federal Government, and how much we shall pay in bounty to themselves.

First let me state my economic creed. I am a moderate protectionist. If I were in England, where the dumping of the surplus products of other nations is demoralizing domestic industry; where a tariff could be utilized to bind the colonies to the Empire; and where the making of the Budget by the Ministry, with adoption or rejection but not amendment in Parliament reduces opportunity for log-rolling to a minimum, I should vote for Mr. Chamberlain's programme of protection.

In our own country I should regard a sudden and radical reversion to free trade as foolish, treacherous, and disastrous. We are committed to the policy of importing, on the whole, the workers rather than their works. I do not object to paying whatever taxes the Government needs. I do not object, if the benefits of diversified industry require and warrant it, to paying ten times the amount of my taxes in bounty to protected manufactures.

Where I draw the line beyond which I refuse to go in support of protection is precisely where the English Liberals are drawing it in opposition to their House of Lords. They deny the right of a group of interested landlords to determine what taxes the English people shall pay and what exemptions from taxation shall be granted.

Our House of Lords is not made up of landlords, but of steel lords, woolen lords, cotton lords, lumber lords, and, as the latest creation, zinc lords. The amount of taxes and bounties on steel, woolen and cotton goods, lumber and zinc, is determined for us, not by a responsible Ministry as in England, but by these Lords, through the influence they can exert on individual members of Congress; still more through the pressure they bring to bear on Senate and House Committees; and most of all by their power to dictate terms to the Committee of Conference which, subject to the votes of their colleagues and the Presidential veto, practically determines what the tariff shall be.

Under such conditions a tariff becomes,

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not a careful adjustment of revenue to estimated expenditure, modified by a scientific comparison of the cost of production at home and abroad, but a resultant of what each producer wants, plus what all are willing to give each other to secure support for their own demands.

For instance, when the President sent his demand for a reduction on lumber to the recent Committee of Conference, Mr. Aldrich announced that, if that was an ultimatum, the whole bill was at an end; the Conference did nothing for six hours, until one of the conferees, on the part of the House, himself a lumber man, went out and labored with the representatives of the lumber interests, induced them to withdraw their claims, and reported their concession to the Conference Committee; whereupon Mr. Aldrich said, "Of course, if they yield, we yield;" and so, by grace of these Lumber Lords, we pay the Aldrich-Payne rather than the Dingley rates of tax and bounty on all sorts of things.

A protective tariff is a bounty hid behind a tax, a tax concealed within a bounty; and this its dual nature is not altered by the fact that bounty and tax are paid together over the same retail counter as often as we buy a woolen coat or a cotton shirt or a steel hammer or a galvanized iron kitchen utensil.

What I am objecting to is not either the tax or the bounty, or the mixture of the two, or the amount of both; but having these things assessed upon me by the very persons who are to draw the bounty. This is utterly inconsistent with the traditions of Anglo-Saxon liberty on both sides of the water, and is a disguised form of essentially the same tyranny as that against which, when attempted by the British House of Lords, the English nation is protesting.

Fortunately, the germ of a better method is in sight. The Tariff Board (our House of Lords refused to let it be called a commission, and tried ineffectually to strip it of a commission's powers), "properly construed," enables the President to get the facts about a particular schedule and present those facts simultaneously to Congress and the country.

To be sure, in his testimony before the Ways and Means Committee, one of the woolen Lords, Mr. Whitman (the man who made information about "what I need" so conveniently obtainable for the framers of the Dingley Bill) declared that "comparative costs of production in the United States and foreign countries are unobtainable." Of course, if such information is "unobtainable," the Republican platform, which was based on the assumption that such facts are obtainable, is meaningless. Doubtless the facts are unobtainable by present methods from persons interested in their concealment. President Taft evidently believes that such facts are obtainable, for he said in a recent speech: "The wool schedule is too high, and ought to have been reduced; and probably represents considerably more than the difference between the cost of production abroad and the cost of production here." And in another speech, referring to the methods of tariff-making above described, he said, "There ought to be other methods of obtaining the evidence and reaching the conclusion." The other methods are ready to his hand. The country will watch eagerly to see whether he avails himself of them.

In some form or other the tariff is bound to be the issue of the campaign of 1910. The tariff is with us, and prices are rising upon us. To be sure, the tariff is only one of three causes of the alarming rise in prices, monopolistic tendencies of both capital and labor being the second, and the inflation of the currency of the world through the increased production of gold being the third. But on the Democratic stump the tariff will figure as the sole or chief cause, and on that issue pure and simple the Democrats are sure to win. The Republicans can hardly expect to create a diversion like the Spanish War; and this not being a Presidential year, the Democrats are not under the necessity of putting up a candidate for whom independents refuse to vote.

The only chance for the Republicans is to shift the issue from the merely economic aspect of the tariff to the political issue outlined above. A genuine effort, with the help of the Tariff Board, led by the President, to remove, one at a time, the worst injustices of the recent tariff would be accepted as a real though belated fulfillment of party pledges. Nothing else can save the party from over-

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whelming defeat. In other words, the only way by which President Taft can hope to maintain his party in power is to take advantage of the popular support that such a movement would have and abolish once for all the method of tariff-making which has created and maintains our present House of Lords.

Having begun with a confession of my economic creed, I will conclude with a declaration of my party affiliations.

Born and bred a Republican, I thrice voted for Cleveland with all the ardor of youthful conviction, twice reluctantly for McKinley, once enthusiastically for Roosevelt, and once with mingled doubt and hope for Taft. The doubt has been neither dispelled nor confirmed; the hope has been neither destroyed nor fulfilled.

I make this declaration of party affiliation, not because it is of any consequence in itself, but because I am one of hundreds of thousands of citizens in the same state of mind, and who from now on propose to vote primarily on this clear-cut issue. The independent vote, large and growing as it is, has an importance out of all proportion to its size. The independent in politics is like the steersman in a boat. He need not be as strong or heavy as the men who row. The rowers are the two great parties, each with its face to the past, too often unmindful of the port in their eagerness to pull each other around. The independent is the man facing forward with his eye upon the port, who, with little strength exerted, by giving his help now to this side, now to that, determines where the boat shall go.

On this issue of the political bearings of the tariff there are enough independents (50,000 voted in the recent Massachusetts State election, in spite of the fact that their leading economic demand had been granted, and that the Republican party set out to dodge the tariff issue altogether), especially in all the great States of the Middle West, to turn the scales in favor of whatever party shall most promptly and effectively take measures to remove the power of assessing taxes and bestowing bounties from the hands of interested parties and their virtual appointees, and restore it, at least in its initial and advisory stages, to the people, acting through their President and his expert advisers.

MELANCHOLIA AND THE SILENT WOMAN

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

ONE of the famous engravings of Albrecht Dürer, which has, it is said, roused endless speculation, is that entitled "Melancholia." The meaning of it remains to this day an unsolved enigma.

"The picture," to quote Mr. Edwin Wiley, "reveals the figure of a robed woman with widespread wings, bearing keys and a purse at her girdle, her head wreathed with a garland of spleenwort. She is gazing, with the look betokening a wearied brain, across a dark and sullen sea. At her feet sleeps a great wolf-hound, while near her an unhappy-looking Cupid makes marks upon a slate. Scattered about the woman are the tools of carpentry and other crafts, mingled with apparatus for necromancy and alchemy. A ladder, apparently rising from nowhere and leading to nowhere, stands near a great block of stone hewn into a strange shape. Around the base of the monumental structure, just behind the winged figure, hangs an hour-glass, a magic square, empty balances, and a silent bell. In the far background, lit by the light from a rainbow and a fearful comet, a dead and dreary waste of water laps the wharves of a deserted city. Across the strangely lighted sky flies a horrible bat-like creature, both demon and beast, bear-

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ing a scroll upon which is inscribed the legend, 'Melancholia.'"

To-day the people of this remarkable century are contemplating with undisguised interest the century figurehead—the resolute exponent of the "Woman Movement." It is a figurehead which, even to the coolest and most unbiased mind, must, in its greed for power, intensity of aggression, and display of the symbols of knowledge, typify the "Melancholia." In contrast to this figurehead there is slowly coming under general observation another type—a type which, for want of a better name, may be called the type of the "Silent Woman."

The Silent Woman is not necessarily "silent" except in her attitude—tentative, inarticulate, unconvinced, as opposed to the aggressive assurance of Melancholia. She is the type which for a great many years the world has accepted the most thankfully, cherished the most faithfully, obeyed the most implicitly. She is the woman who sits opposite us at the breakfast table; the one who smiles up at us with the child on her breast; the one whose handsome face and form we admire in the Sunday Supplement; the one who, laughing, with a rose in her hair, flings us a smile as she dances by; and that one who, passing in the fine raiment of the stenographer's wage, compels our awed comment.

The Silent Woman is not, however, any longer the "woman of to-day." In spite of herself she has become merely the woman of the present, living her life upon the solid foundations of the woman of the past. She is as yet womanhood, not woman. She is as yet incorporated into no "Equal Rights" sisterhood, as yet unidentified with any organization opposing that sisterhood. She is still standing by the fireside, under the roof-tree, looking about her at her tottering household gods, and asking herself and her friends questions—questions that have been made vital to her by the activities and enthusiasms of Melancholia.

With the comparatively sudden awakening of the rank and file of women to the presence of a new irritant has come the equally sudden realization of the approach of classification-stigma, which, courted or uncourted, is to many puzzling, unedifying. Society, it would seem, is to be divided into two classes—Melancholiæ and Silent Women—with very little promise of anything more dignified than subsequent subdivisions. In its insistence it may come to be disturbing; in its challenge it is inevitable. "What"—current comment has almost sloganized the phrase—"what are you going to do about it?"

The Silent Woman, moving about in her legitimate pleasures, her legitimate duties, finds herself continually encountered, interrogated, embarrassed by the Melancholiæ. The Silent Woman is not permitted to pursue her benighted way unargued; Melancholia sees to that. Bright in her wonderful chain-armor of "statistics," mighty in her panoply of "proofs," her impassioned arguments and theses, she advances. Melancholia's quiver is full of arrows—some poisoned, some not—which she uses advisedly. More and more boldly, more and more, as she feels sure of herself, dominant and aggressive, comes this figurehead woman, looking into the Silent Woman's eyes and asking her troublesome question. "What"—sometimes her voice is twitting, sometimes worried, often flattering and tempting, more often, to the trained ear and the prophetic heart, terrible and fatalistic—"what are you going to do about it?"

It is a curious social study, a thing for more comment than has yet been made, more attention than has yet been given—the pathetic and helpless position of the Silent Woman. She finds herself in more than an academic sense "unprepared," she finds herself in every physical, intellectual, and psychic sense at bay.

At first she turns to men for help. True, this is only instinctive, and because in times past she has had the crude efforts of men, if not their brilliant success, at helping her. But the men, slightly obtuse, answer her with arguments that even to her untrained logic seem selfish, a little wide of the mark.

The Silent Woman, however, understands. Man is her husband, her brother, her friend. She knows him for what he is: loyal, simple, as devoted as he, being human, can be. But he is not expressing sentiments broad enough to be typical of

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his age. He has not realized things. He has been working so hard to give her and her children a home that the Woman Movement and its issues have come upon him unawares; he does not know it for what it is.

The Silent Woman has for years sat at a feast of books and magazines; a veritable barbecue of human intelligence, such as years ago was undreamed of. Like Melancholia, superficially, hastily, she has connoted the progress of the world, the increasing powers and opportunities of mankind. She is familiar with at least the scare-head outlines of the events of the last twenty years, with the growth of commercial and economic conditions, the need of reforms, the fluctuating systems, policies, and theories that keep mankind agog.

She is disposed to find in this widespread serum, this dropsical excitement of "general information," much of the explanation for the swelled tissue of feminine ambition. She knows that there is no impudence like the impudence of precocity, no restlessness like unto undisciplined mental restlessness. She concludes that the Woman Movement is not merely the personal abnormality of one or two brilliant Melancholiæ; not even the result of the very evident love of notoriety of the few; but a perfectly helpless, unconscious, all-dominating restlessness of the mass.

The Silent Woman takes up this restlessness, she searches it through and through, she analyzes it as only a woman can.

She recalls a certain mysterious poem in "Richard Feverel," where Meredith, in a subtle delineation of the "woman motive," portrays the endless wanderings of the woman who was always "seeking for something." She reminds herself of the ending of Goethe's "Faust"—"*das ewig weibliche.*" She reviews the blind response of heroines and martyrs to the voice within, recurring with a thrill to an age when the New Hope, the Promise, was born of woman. The Silent Woman feels her heart beat quicker, remembering many instances of women as sacred vessels, grails holding liberty, chalices holding hope. Perhaps, then, this new movement is inevitable. Shall a Silent Woman take it up as destiny, as calling? Is Melancholia the "voice of one crying in the wilderness"?

After a while the Silent Woman does something desperate. She invites one of the Melancholiæ to sit by her fireside and talk it over with her.

"That is right," she is encouraged. "I see you are becoming convinced at last. Just think what a new world is opening to you! In a few years you will be voting for the measures you want put through, just like a man. You will meet all men on their own ground. You will restrict undue taxation of your own property, you will be able to spend your own money, you can have a voice in public matters, you can keep out of politics every corrupt element, you can help the 'Cause of Women.'"

The Silent Woman raises her eyebrows. She is as yet a little vague about that "Cause."

"That would be very nice," she agrees politely. "But—after that? Should I be likely to end there? Shouldn't I want something else to do, after"—the Silent Woman permits herself a smile—"after I had achieved all these things?"

"Then you can go regularly into politics," replies the enthusiastic Melancholia. "Think of the distinction, the power such a life will give you! Think of the purity of politics, if we were to have a woman President, women judges, women diplomats and Senators!"

The Silent Woman regards her counter-type thoughtfully.

"Melancholia," she says at last, "Melancholia, look here. I'm not so sure about all that, do you know? I know I couldn't be a judge. When I go to the theater, and the reckless lover runs away with the married heroine, I never sympathize with the worthy but unattractive husband. Pooh! I sympathize with those two people who are breaking laws! I always hope they'll get away to their lovely villa in Italy. When I hear of a young fellow going to be hung for a foul crime, I lie awake all night thinking—not of his crime—but of his young hopeless eyes staring into the dark of his prison cell; his mother, pale, agonized, starting up at the tolling of the dawn of his last day. It is the best thing in me, I do believe, the thing that makes me patient

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when the children are impossible or my husband is—trying; but, I ask you, is that a good quality for a judge? As for purifying politics—my Uncle Ben is in politics, and he is so good to me that even if I knew he was a villain and a cutthroat I'd vote for his measures."

"All those things are simply because you've been educated on an emotional basis," returns Melancholia briskly. "Read up a little—some biology, history, ethics. Some of the Socialistic propaganda helps. Read what the women of to-day intend for the women of to-morrow. Understand what women have been and what they are going to be— Oh, it's glorious!"

But the Silent Woman cannot see it in that way. She wonders if these Melancholiæ realize all that must be sacrificed—things that, by mighty majestic laws which no man or woman ever made, were given women to keep and guard. She previzualizes a dead, cold body, a mechanical mentality, with the woman's nature plucked out of it, yet bearing an outward likeness to woman. She is reminded of a ladder "rising from nowhere and leading nowhere."

"I want to feel and love—yes, even to hate," she declares stoutly.

"Love away, but not like a selfish, untutored, atavistic savage," retorts her mentor.

"Well, but"—the Silent Woman feels it necessary to be apologetic—"I mean that I prefer putting all my energies into the solution of things that are still problems with me: the education and rearing of my children, the perpetuation of ideal family relations, the right interpretation of married life—all those things so impossible to perfect, so hard to consummate, but, oh, so bitter to lose! Have women made such brilliant successes of these duties that they are now ready to abandon them? I, for one, am not ready to give them up."

For answer the other searches her with scientific eyes. "My dear, undeveloped woman!" comes her cool answer. "Give them up? Who wants you to? Why, this very paper I want you to sign is one that will influence the welfare of family life."

It is a hard fight between these two. The more so because the Silent Woman is fighting sincerely, desperately, untrainedly, with a dumb, fateful sense of grave issues at stake; and Melancholia, in spite of technical training, is unconsciously, almost innocently, fighting theatrically with the tricks of the trade, to carry "points" which are not always truths, and to win applause from an indiscriminate gallery. The Silent Woman is aware of this weakness of sex; she puts her finger on it.

"If I once got going," she confesses, "I'd never be satisfied with reforms; neither would you, Melancholia. We'd become obsessed with our own importance. We'd be sure, in some exaltation of motive, to lose sight of the really important and practical issue. Oh, a few have achieved, I know. They were abnormal, individual; made so by inherited force, and trained by great perceptions to understand the use of power. They were strong enough to create their own current, and they swam smoothly enough in it. Each one of them was the prophetess of her time, and did her work well; but—" the Silent Woman hesitates.

"Well?" Melancholia is superbly patient with the weak-minded. "Well, what of it? We are speaking, not of the present, but of the future. There are now not one but many prophetesses. We Melancholiæ are possessed of a depth and dream of desire that unifies us. We are now, newly exploited by journals and magazines, a political force. May we not use our finer qualities here? Our unutterable tenderness for the weak—is it not manifested in our work for women and children? Our courage, our purity, our swift intelligence—are they not shown in our quiet reception of ridicule and insult? Are you willing to shut out such traits from the political life? Cannot you see how we shall constitute a new force, which, released by the franchise from its stagnation, will make us politically and economically—as we have been socially—the clear stream that purifies the Augean stable?"

The Silent Woman looks sympathetically at her.

"It is not your motive that alarms me," she explains. "Heaven knows the magnificence of a woman's motive. The world knows the futility of it! I protest,

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not at your desire to improve, but at the way you take to do it—your ardent assumption of the unanalyzed burden. It is as if my little girl were to clean house in my absence, and succeeded in upsetting everything and never getting it to rights again. Temperamentally, just how will suffrage affect you? I presume you admit the fundamental qualities that control and influence sex. I presume you do not ignore primal instincts and primal passions. Perhaps you hope in time to dislodge these things from their home in the human frame. (I often wonder if the Melancholiæ discount these influences, in the belief that they would some day cease to exist. I often wonder just how far they carry the theory of their non-existence.) But as long as they *do* exist—picture to yourself the confusion, the utter confusion!"

"You mean?" Melancholia is interested.

"Think of us two, for instance, controlling rival newspapers. Should we ever be disciplined enough to maintain even superficial dignity? Think of our passions let loose, our tongues uncurbed! The expression 'lady' has for years stood between us and unthinkable smallness. We have never had (openly) to do with rancor, slander, blackmail; with the snatching, challenge, backbiting, and sneering that form the public man's daily meat. You and I know men whose hearts have been broken by it, but who have met it with calmness and firmness. Could we do so?"

"I think we could improve all that," argues Melancholia; "we'd do away with it. Women wouldn't be so terrible and violent, *women* would be always aiming for the highest."

The Silent Woman smiles. "You can't be simple enough to believe that we women are really, by nature, better than men? We've been shielded from our own worst, held back by merciful conventions and unwritten laws, from all that is low and mean and violent in ourselves, as well as from all that is black and craven and vile in the world. But, drunk with power, what would shield us from each other, if indeed, from the storm and stress, our very physical natures did not collapse?"

Melancholia's smile is tolerant and mysterious. "We don't need to worry about that, just yet, do we?" she returns, good-naturedly. "Anyway, I must be going; but, first, you dear, clever, obstinate, adorable thing, do sign this paper."

The Silent Woman reads the paper, slowly, carefully. Then she looks up.

"If I support this paper," she says, "it is equivalent to saying that I do not believe in the home life as woman's chief vocation—which I emphatically do believe."

"But how can you, Honey?" she is delicately admonished. "No woman of intellect does. Look at the home life: it is not meeting with the requirements of the age; it is too narrow. Club life is the only thing now for women who know. You see signs of that feeling everywhere; I tell you this is the New Age!"

"That doesn't convince me at all," replies the other. "The plague-spot everywhere doesn't convince me of anything but an infection which it is my duty to help stamp out. I'm not going to call it the 'Age of Plagues' and help it along. *If the influence of the home is failing, it is because energies that should have been conserved to its development and support have been dissipated elsewhere.* But even if all you say *is* true, even if this movement isn't simply the result of mental unbalance and exaggerated ego, I don't want to lose my head over it; I want to wait a little, and see if the pendulum won't swing the other way."

Melancholia is scornful. "Truth remains fixed. We women are for the first time alive, awake! We see our responsibilities. We are doing our duty. We lose ourselves, we sink our preferences and individualities in our convictions."

But she is stoutly contradicted by the woman at the fireside.

"That is your fetish, your theory, your war-cry; but it is practically untrue. Your propaganda has taken, is taking, women out of their seclusion; their absorption in great duties has made them utterly discontented with their vocations, domestic and natural; has developed their individual ambitions so that they marry for position; has distorted their ideas as to what constitutes human happiness and civic obligation; has overemphasized their

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need for careers. All your literature fosters that intense individualism. Your women's clubs, while they affect generous, disinterested, democratic intercourse, are in reality developing an ultra-fastidious and jealous exclusiveness; these same clubs are doing away with the ideal of the home, the ideal of the best instincts in men, the—" The Silent Woman breaks off. She stares into the fire. What silent burnt-offerings keep a hearth-flame going few Silent Women care to *tell;* they show like stigmata in soul, hands, and feet the sufferings, the fastings, the vigils, that keep that spark alight. The ideal of the home was not made without tears, cannot be maintained without tears. But the thing, by all the chronicles of the ages, is worth fighting for. The Silent Women will fight for it.

Melancholia goes on arguing, but the other sits there, shaking her head. She feels tongue-tied, stupid, of a past age, but she is unconvinced. She knows what must be some of the results following the entrance of enfranchised women into club and public life; what frightful natural penalties must be paid for the assumption of intense mental responsibilities. The children, the home, the State, the man, must suffer; it is hypocrisy and evasion to pretend the contrary.

Also there is another thing that troubles the Silent Woman. Like most unprejudiced people, she rather dislikes the idea of the failure of men as a sex. Yet she knows that, setting aside all other considerations, the crowding of another sex into the all too narrow highways of wage-earning has these results to follow:

The lowering of men's wages.

The deflation of men's ambitions.

The disillusionment of men.

The forsaking of the responsibilities of men.

And, as the nerveless result of these things, the final pushing out of men from the social scheme.

"Not if men are as strong as they think they are," argues Melancholia.

"I have heard it said," returns the Silent Woman gently, "that a man is as strong as some woman makes him believe he is. As for the attitude of the 'independent' woman—oh, it makes me laugh—*laugh*, Melancholia, to see the independent woman rampaging around, paying for her club privileges, her theater tickets, her clothes, her lecture tours, out of the money some poor wretch of a man has made! Men, the 'oppressors—'"

There is a moment's silence. Melancholia chafes under it. She is following will-o'-the-wisps these days, and has become high-strung and nervous with the zigzag chase. The Silent Woman stares into the fire. She foresees the destruction of the things she and her foremothers have worked hard to preserve. "Wild boars" have "broken into her vineyard." Her garden of life, through which love and hope walked, braving nettles, striving to keep it clear of weeds, nobly caring for its simples and herbs, is to be destroyed. She will, however, make one last defense.

"Suppose, as you say"—she speaks with lowered voice—"suppose a New Age has begun. Suppose mysterious things we do not see, are not aware of, are forcing us by the sin of our own egotism to oblivion. Are you for complete negation? This demand for 'freedom,' is it not a perversion, an abnormal manifestation, like the forcing out on some ancient fruit tree, just before it dies, of a rosy spectacle of myriad ardent blossoms? Does it never seem to you that this feverish insistence of women upon themselves as a type is unnatural? Doesn't it mean a failure of fruition? Don't you suppose that those old countries that wanted plenty of men to fight kept the women mentally and socially subjected for good reasons? Don't you suppose the Church understands a few things."

Melancholia fidgets; she looks at her watch; she has come to that period in her development when she begins to wonder if, after all, a Silent Woman is really worth a Melancholia's valuable time.

"Suppose," pursues the other, working it out for herself—"suppose, with women excelling, men should utterly die out. It could happen, couldn't it? Botany, evolution, give some very curious examples. We know how strong women are in some ways. I wonder if that strength was given them by nature to assist men for human continuance? Suppose, then, Melancholia, that, after hundreds and hundreds of years, we ourselves should grow like men, the men grow to be a

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kind of drones, fewer and fewer children came. Oh, Melancholia, it sounds trite, I know; out of our vanity we have come to scoff at old teachings, but the sum of life proves that the Christian warning holds actual practical truth."

"The—er—Christian warning?" Melancholia's eyebrows are raised inquiringly.

"The meek shall inherit the earth," returns the Silent Woman, soberly. "The old terrible, personal ego has been the destructive element in all social fabrics; in women it may destroy the physical fabric. Too much forcing will destroy us. Our functions will depart, our right place in the great plan of Nature will be lost—as plants wither, as streams dry up, as a people decay, shall we not so perish off the face of the earth?"

Melancholia rises, her face slightly pale. "Silent Woman," she says, commiseratingly, "I think you're going crazy from having no career and talking with that narrow husband of yours. Now, you put on your hat and come along to the club with me; I'm going to give a talk on the congestion problem."

The Silent Woman goes.

When she comes home, her husband smiles interrogatively at her. "Well?" he questions.

The Silent Woman shakes her head.

"Not yet," she says. "I can't be '*anti*,' because the Melancholiæ are—some of them—the best, the cleverest, the bravest, and sometimes the kindest women I know. But I can't be '*pro*' either, because I am a woman, and I know my limitations, and I know these very limitations are the result of—of—other qualities, and when I cease to have those other qualities—God help me."

Her husband hands her his cup to be refilled. "*God*," he repeats thoughtfully, under his breath, "*God*—I wonder?" . . .

The Silent Woman gives him the cup. "I understand," she says, slowly. "I know what you mean—I wonder, too!"

They sit and talk far into the night, as men and women who believe in God behind nature always talk; not, Heaven be thanked, as equals, but as two beings endowed with differing gifts that each holds precious, sacred, to the other's ministry. When they grow silent, it is for the hundredth time with that inestimable sense of the Mutual not born of the ballot!

The Silent Woman's husband soon falls asleep. To-morrow, with him, comes too soon, and he must work for the things that have kept him, as yet, unafraid to go to sleep.

But the Silent Woman cannot sleep, not yet. She turns from her sleeping children. She goes to her window and looks out. It is midnight. Dark. The world seems very much alone. Above, in the black, uncharted sky, sail the wandering planets. There hangs the age-old net of Destiny, kinked with tangled stars, buoyed with dead and alive worlds that dot it where it floats, full of its catch of human souls, on the shoreless sea.

The Silent Woman pictures to herself "a dead and dreary waste of water, lapping the wharves of a deserted city;" she sees the figure of a "woman with widespread wings," sitting surrounded with dead symbols of temporal power; a mind moping among its idle playthings—wrecked, desolate, lost!

Over against that picture, opposed to its shuddering possibility, the Silent Woman sees another, the picture of the Dream of Continuance. She sees the roof-tree and the fireside of the home; the faces of young children, the faith and dignity of men and women and state, promoted by the old calm, holy things of which she is regent, martyr, and high priestess. She sees the silent suffering of women, that men may be stronger; the courage and patience of men, that women may be eased; the twin-soul that flies on ahead while the body bends to the yoke!

The Silent Woman kneels. She prays to that mystical Without which flows from the divine through the human to the Eternal; that Wordless that must be forevermore the Word.

What if the phantom of Melancholia should have this lasting effect only—that the Silent Women all over the world fling passionate arms around the old gods, calling on men and ages to help them keep the fire burning on the hearth?

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THE NEW BOOKS

Those who, having read the delightful history of "The Lady of the Decoration," a unique bit of human appeal and literary art, turn eagerly to "Little Sister Snow" will be disappointed, not in its quality, but in its lack of sufficient quantity. It is a sketch, like a little water-color, of a captivating Japanese maiden, done in a few clever strokes, but all over for the reader in a few short minutes. Some capital colored illustrations by a native Japanese artist add to its charm. Why will not the author, "Frances Little," (Mrs. Macauley) give us some day a more fully wrought story of family life in Japan? (The Century Company, New York. $1.)

We continue many a pleasant acquaintance in Zona Gale's new book of tales, "Friendship Village Love Stories." It is a continuance, not a renewal, of friendship, for all the village women have now permanent places in our hearts. This time we read the love stories of the young, having had the sweetness of tried affection in "Pelleas and Etarre." Perhaps the theme lends itself more entirely to the poetic gift of the author. At any rate, romance in its most engaging form appears and reappears in the midst of capital descriptions of village festivities and kindly neighborings. It is high praise, and not too much to say, that the loving, sympathetic understanding and true loyalty of Zona Gale's portrayal of her friends is more akin to the beautiful stories written by Sara Orne Jewett than anything we have had since her death. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.)

Elizabeth Robins has treated an old situation in fiction with some skill in "The Florentine Frame," but we are far from seconding the announcement that this is "one of the real, big novels of the time." There are good elements in it, notably the drawing of some of the minor characters, and especially that of the actual central figure, Genie, a realistic portrait of the obtuse modern daughter. The heroine, mother of Genie, fails to impress as deeply as she would were the author's art more restrained and mature. The failure to meet bravely the consequences of misunderstanding threatens a tragedy; and that is only superficially averted by the sudden death of the heroine and a lie steadily adhered to by the hero. The outcome is neither noble nor happy. The author proves her ability by clever and thoughtful reflections upon several questions, but her mastery in artistic work is not proved in this book at least. (Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. $1.50.)

Both grace of style and cleverness of thought may be found in a new book, "The Image of Eve," by Margaret Sutton Briscoe. The narrator, a happy wife and mother, is instinctively interested in the possible love affairs of her friends, especially in those of Peter de Koven, the equally prized comrade of herself and husband. She relates, with some wit and always with a light touch, several incidents that might turn out real love stories, but they never do. The true love story, however, dawns on the reader's mind before it is discovered by the "Subrikinque" herself. We leave it to the reader to find out what a "Subrikinque" is, but warn him that he will not be helped by a picture, as he was in the case of the Jabberwock in "Alice." (Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.25.)

Professor Laughlin's "Latter Day Problems" is suggestive, but not conclusive; that is, it will not be conclusive except to those who have reached Professor Laughlin's conclusions, and who welcome his arguments as a means of strengthening their convictions. To illustrate: In the first chapter Professor Laughlin draws a sharp contrast between the present trade unions, which he says are organized to raise wages by creating a labor monopoly, and an ideal labor union, which would be organized to improve the efficiency of the laborers, and so increase the economic value of their labor. In fact, the best labor unions do have this improvement of efficiency as one of their objects, and it will be found in our great centers of population that the most capable and efficient workingmen are quite generally in the unions, and the less efficient and less capable are outside of them, though of course there are many exceptions. Again, Professor Laughlin assumes that demand and supply always determine the rate of wages. Demand and supply form an important factor, but not the only factor. Thus, the Steel Corporation gives to its workingmen a share in its profits in addition to the highest market wage, not because the Corporation cannot get workingmen without giving them a share of the profits, for it would have no difficulty in doing so; but partly because the Corporation believes that it is just and right that workingmen should have some share in the profits of a work to the prosperity of which they have contributed, and partly because it believes that a good human organization is as important as good machinery, and that interest in the work, which profit-sharing stimulates, conduces to the creation of such a good human organization. On the other hand, every successful employer of labor knows that workingmen have refused to leave an employment in which they are well treated when enticed away by offer of larger wages elsewhere. Professor Laughlin's book is clear, keen, scholarly, suggestive; but it has the defect which often characterizes the product of the study: it shows greater familiarity with economic theories than it does with the actual facts of modern industrial life. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.)

Some writers obscure their meaning by the dullness of their style. Mr. Barrett Wen-

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dell, Professor of English at Harvard, sometimes obscures his meaning by his brightness. At such times he hides beneath a mask of flippancy a very serious purpose. He does this in his class-room and he does it in his books. Many readers, like many of the students who take his courses, never see anything but the mask. Those, however, whether students under him or readers of his books, who penetrate the disguise are stimulated. His book "The Mystery of Education," just published, consists of four essays and a poem delivered before audiences on various recent academic occasions. The views on college teaching they present are those of one who finds scholasticism irksome and values such teaching in proportion as it develops the student's powers and enlarges his resources. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25.)

When Dr. Charles W. Eliot's address "The Religion of the Future" was published in the press last summer The Outlook made it the text for an editorial, August 7, 1909. As that address was reported in the newspapers certain expressions of minor significance were misquoted. For example, in some reports Dr. Eliot was made to speak of God as "a multiplication of infinities." What Dr. Eliot actually said was, "In his moral attributes, he [God] is for every man the multiplication to infinity of all the noblest, tenderest, and most potent qualities which that man has ever seen or imagined in a human being." Such misquotations, however, have not affected the substance of the address. Re-reading the address in book form, we hardly need do more than refer our readers to our editorial. In this address are passages of great eloquence and much clearness of vision and interpretation of certain currents of modern thought; but also antitheses that seem to us unreal and some apparent inconsistencies, as, for example: "The religion of the future will not perpetuate the Hebrew anthropomorphic representations of God," and "It [the religion of the future] is anthropomorphic; but what else can a human view of God's personality be?" Its affirmation of the immanence of God calls for a mediator—not expiatory but interpretative—to bring the Universal Spirit within the understanding of man. This universal demand of humanity the address expresses. It accepts the ethical and some of the spiritual results of Christianity, but implicitly denies the spiritual power which has produced these results, and without which we do not believe they can be permanently preserved. (J. W. Luce & Co., Boston. 75 cents.)

"The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets," a collection of valuable papers by Jane Addams, should be in the hands of every one interested in the needs of young people and aware of the dangers that threaten them in our restless and rapidly changing social conditions. It is an encouraging evidence of awakening that so many real leaders have given themselves to the problem of providing wholesome play and recreation to counteract the evil provisions that have long existed to tempt young people eager for relaxation and amusement. It is almost impossible for some orderly minds to comprehend the fascination that besets a boy when a cherry tree offers itself to him for spoliation. But the boy knows well enough what he feels, whether he can explain the impulse or not. The same impulse is met among the children brought before our Juvenile Courts, and there, fortunately, we are learning to meet it with wisdom. Miss Addams does not elaborate the condition and leave it in the air. She recognizes the difficulties, is profoundly impressed by the growing danger of neglect, and offers suggestions and remedies for the bettering of the situation. "The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets" is continually showing itself through newspaper reports. The hour arrived long ago when it should have been met with earnest purpose. Now, to a degree, we are alive, and surely the work of sensible men and women will be effective. We do not yet realize that our industrial development cannot continue unless we care for the young workers who throng our streets, mere boys and girls, and turn their eager strength into right channels. As Miss Addams points out, it is only in the modern city that men have concluded that it is no longer necessary for the municipality to provide for the insatiable desire for play. So that is left in ignoble hands to be ministered to with disastrous results. She gives many incidents that prove the folly and short-sightedness of our neglect. The cheap theaters, the vulgar dance hall, the open saloon, all entice boys and girls from the almost as dangerous street. In four hundred and sixty-six theaters in Chicago open one Sunday night it was found that the leading theme in the majority of them was revenge. A vulgar type of music and a debased form of dramatic art are the only amusements open to most of the young wage-earners in our cities. In her closing chapter Miss Addams calls upon already established agencies, religious and educational, to take up the work, to seize opportunities not now clearly realized. It is impossible to convey here the serious worth of this practical discussion of a menacing evil, but it will be an equal impossibility for any true lover of his brother to remain inactive after reading these glowing and solemn appeals. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.)

There are thousands of people who realize that when they attend a concert they do not have the high enjoyment they might because they do not know what to listen for. And a great many of these, because they do not fully enjoy music which they know is accounted beautiful, conclude that they are "not musical," that they are somehow constitutionally deficient, that they have not "musical ears." The real difficulty is not in

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the ear, but in the mind. The ear is sensitive enough, but the mind is untrained. Such listeners as these constitute a large proportion in any concert audience. They take refuge in the common saying, "I know what I like," and are content to let the rest go. As a matter of fact, they need not be thus limited. If a listener of this sort could have somebody who knows about music act as a guide, sit by his side, and point out to him the beauty that exists in the structure of the music, in the adaptation of the material for the effects obtained, and in adequate expression of feeling, he would find his pleasure immeasurably heightened. Such a listener can find a guide like this in a book by Daniel Gregory Mason. Its title seems to limit its usefulness. It is called "A Child's Guide to Music," but it is in fact a guide that any listener would find illuminating and that even professional critics of musical performances might read profitably. It first tells what the elements of music are and the principles which govern the use of those elements in musical structure; then it takes up in turn the piano, the orchestra, the opera, and characteristic features of music heard at a pianoforte recital, an orchestral concert, and an operatic performance. Readers of The Outlook will recognize in some of the earlier chapters the substance of five articles on "The Enjoyment of Music" which Mr. Mason recently contributed to The Outlook. No writer on musical subjects is sounder in his judgments, clearer in his thinking, or more successful in the expression of his ideas than Mr. Mason. (The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. $1.25.)

Another book by Mr. Mason which has appeared almost simultaneously with the "Guide to Music," and which forms a capital supplement to it, is his small volume on "The Orchestral Instruments and What They Do." In this he describes first the orchestra as a whole, then in turn its component choirs—the strings, the wood-wind, the brass, and the percussion—and finally there are two chapters on orchestral combinations and the reading of orchestral scores. The book is illustrated with photographs of players on the various instruments, so that the concert-goer may be able easily to recognize the instruments when he sees them on the concert platform, and it contains an ingenious chart which shows the range of the instruments graphically. (The H. W. Gray Company, New York. $1.25.)

Emerson began keeping a journal, or, as he called it, a "Blotting Book," in his junior year at Harvard. He was then living at 15 Hollis Hall, in a small room with a bare floor, uncurtained windows, and Spartan simplicity and paucity of furnishing. These journals were continued with more or less regularity until his illness in 1872, when they were brought to an end, as was Emerson's routine work. After that, Dr. Emerson tells us in his introduction to the first two volumes of "The Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson," he did nothing except endeavor to arrange passages in unpublished lectures for the volume which subsequently was published under the title "Letters and Social Aims," and which was brought out by the aid of Mr. Cabot. The first two volumes of this remarkable record of fifty years comprise those from 1820–32, which may be regarded as the formative years in the life of the most original and perhaps the most distinctively American of our writers. They will be of prime value in the history of the American intellect, and especially of American literature. The earlier journals put behind Emerson's work the atmosphere in which he grew up, his habits, the books he read, his questionings, doubts, and aspirations—the general attitude and temper of his mind. They constitute an informal history of Emerson's spirit, written with great simplicity and absolute honesty; and they are made up, it is hardly necessary to say, of thoughts rather than of incidents and events. No books of the season will exceed these volumes in serious interest for readers of the best American books, or for those who are eager to understand American life, and especially to understand the most spiritual interpreter of that life who has yet appeared. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 2 vols., $1.75 per vol.)

"Because of the opposition of Hendrick Brevoort, who wished to save a favorite tree, Eleventh Street was not cut through between Broadway and Fourth Avenue," New York City. This explanation of a fact that must often have puzzled the wayfaring New Yorker is only a sample of hundreds of interesting bits of information that crowd the pages of the "Historical Guide to the City of New York." The book is arranged on the route plan, with maps, diagrams, and photographic illustrations, and forms an admirable guide for those who wish to see New York from the historical view-point—and most people will who get a glimpse of this Guide. It is compiled by Frank Bergen Kelley, from original observations and contributions made by the City History Club of New York. The book should have a large influence in promoting a knowledge and love of old New York and its environs. (F. A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.50.)

"Interludes, Ethical, Social, Theological," by J. M. Whiton, Ph.D., of the staff of The Outlook, consists of a group of physically detached but spiritually related essays which attempt to indicate to the thoughtful student of current moral problems that a scholarly philosophy and a deep religious faith are not at all incompatible. The author is an accomplished metaphysician, and writes for the metaphysically inclined, who will find in his pages much to stimulate their own formulation of philosophico-religious problems. (Thomas Whittaker, New York. $1.40.)

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"Is the sense of justice in a group of boys largely influenced by the relative physical strength of its individual members?" "Is it true that a considerable proportion of ministers' children speak disrespectfully of religious ceremonies, such as 'long prayers,' 'heavy sermons,' and the like?" "Are fathers and their adolescent sons usually on good terms with one another?" "What qualities in an adult make him a 'natural' leader of children?" "Do friends (adults as well as children) usually or ever take pleasure in tattling upon each other?" "Should parents insist upon a child taking music lessons if he dislikes to do so?" "Should children be told ghost stories?" "Will the praising of a neighbor's children by a mother tend to make her own children imitate those who are praised?" "Are children of five, say, more sociable toward their pets, as puppies and kittens, than toward their brothers and sisters?" "What is the influence upon boys of reading Cooper's novels?" Those who are interested in questions such as these will be interested in the book on "Social Development and Education" by Professor M. V. O'Shea, of the University of Wisconsin. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.) Although phrases of the pedagogical vocabulary, such as "group reaction," the "*alter*," "dynamic accomplishments," and the like dot the pages of this book, they do not predominate. The reader will find his way through the chapters without difficulty and will encounter many concrete cases illuminating the discussion. The book is divided into two parts. The first nine chapters are concerned with social traits in children, such as the sense of justice, docility, aggression; the second part is concerned with the practical questions which arise in the training of the young. Among those who would be interested in such a book as Professor O'Shea's there are many who are specially interested in the training of children in school. To such as these, and specifically to teachers, Professor Hugo Münsterberg's book on "Psychology and the Teacher" is a volume of importance. Professor Münsterberg says that one does not study a time-table to decide whether to travel north or south, but, after deciding where to travel, studies the table to discover how to go; so one cannot learn from psychology what the aims of teaching are; but, after deciding on the aims, one can learn from psychology the means. So he divides his book into three parts: the first, which he calls the Ethical Part, is on the Aims of the Teacher; the second, which he calls the Psychological Part, is on the Mind of the Pupil; and the third, which he calls the Educational Part, is on the Work of the School. In other words, he presents what he regards as the philosophy that underlies teaching, then the mental facts with which the teacher has to deal, and finally certain conclusions regarding practical questions. (D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.) Those who desire more of Professor Münsterberg's philosophy than they can find in the first part of this volume will find it in another book, also published this year, entitled "The Eternal Values." In that he has expressed his philosophy of idealism. It touches on the fields of logic, æsthetics, ethics, and metaphysics, including theology. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.50.)

One simple method of reforming the world has been proposed—arrange matters so that no babies be born except those with a sound physical and mental heredity. This all-inclusive method of racial regeneration—called eugenics—has an enthusiastic advocate in Dr. C. W. Saleeby, who writes of "Parenthood and Race Culture." The chief trouble with the plan is that in order to get this one reform under way almost every other reform would have to be established—and then eugenics would be needless. Then, too, people differ as to what constitutes sound heredity. Associations of dog fanciers can establish rules for prize dogs; but there is no established and authoritative association of dogs to decide as to what constitutes fine points in a man. Society's first duty is to see that every child is born into decent surroundings—not into an environment of the slums or the divorce courts. Society's second duty is like to the first—to see that social conditions do not put upon men and women burdens which incapacitate them for parenthood. It is easy to overemphasize the moral influence of heredity. Dr. Saleeby is an enthusiast, not a scientist. (Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. $2.50.)

A few people can carry an outline of universal history in their heads; the rest, whether or not they confess it, cannot. For the few such a book as V. A. Renouf's "Outlines of General History" is superfluous; for the rest, even though it is in the form of a text-book, it would be useful. The fact that it was written by a professor at Pei-Yang University, in Tientsin, China, gives the book two advantages: it has led the author to lay upon Far Eastern questions the emphasis they deserve but do not always receive; and, second, it has led the author to treat of European and American history from a point of view that insures emphasis on essentials (that are often ignored by the Western writer because taken for granted) and makes for simplicity of statement. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.30, net.)

Mr. Hagedorn has followed his "Woman of Corinth" with a collection of lyrics and a one-act play, and, when the youth of the author of "A Troop of the Guard" is taken into account, his work must be regarded as unusually promising. It is free from the pose of cynicism, skepticism, and world-fatigue which often disfigures the early work of promising men; and it is also free from exuberance of imagination or emotion. It has, indeed, unusual maturity and dignity, a firmness of feeling and a thoroughness of workmanship which indicate early command of his resources. The writer of the spirited

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ode which gives this book its title and of the finely phrased "Threnody" which opens it has a quality of skill which is compounded of sensitive feeling, not only for his theme, but for his art. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.)

A sympathetic and critical life of "Richard Jefferies: His Life and Work," with a study of his work, has been written by Edward Thomas. The dedication to W. H. Hudson, whose books about nature in South America should be better known than they are, indicates a circle of congenial minds. Born in Wiltshire, England, Jefferies spent the first thirty years of his life, living only eight years longer, in that region, also the home of his biographer for many years. The beauty and quiet of this land permeated the soul and influenced the genius of Jefferies. A minute description of its features is given in the opening chapter. Of humble forefathers, some of whom displayed peculiarities consequent upon their more or less restricted lives, they still showed artistic tendencies which found more perfect expression in Richard Jefferies himself. Curious tales are related of his father and mother and their life at Coate Farm, each somewhat irritable and queer, and exciting more awe and amusement than affection. The long, wearisome struggle for recognition as a writer is described in detail, and reveals Richard Jefferies's character completely. He reported for local newspapers, wrote short stories and pamphlets, and delved into archæology, but could not make a living. Gradually he became known, and won a place in literature. His novels have never been widely read, but they contain wonderful descriptive passages and keen analysis of character, with much ironical portrayal of the condition of humble English folk. Several volumes have been made up of his short country papers. He has been likened to Thoreau, but his literary range was wider; he walked among men and entered into their lives and thoughts, yet lived apart, and never won their affection. Mr. Thomas describes him as lonely, "of uncomfortable humor which unconsciously repelled—something that creeps into his writings, particularly in the more emphatic parts, and gives us a twinge, as at an unpleasant voice." The last chapter of this careful study is a fine recapitulation of the analysis that goes before. Jefferies reached the height of being able, in turn, "to depict Nature from the points of view of the countryman, of the sensuous painter, and of the poet of humanity." A bibliography of Jefferies's writings and a map of the Wiltshire region complete the volume. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $3, net.)

Gilbert Stenger, the author of "The Return of Louis XVIII," is not an impartial historian. He has a qualified admiration for Napoleon I and unqualified contempt for Louis XVIII. His opinion of the Bourbons of the Restoration is expressed thus: "It is not because they were Bourbons that I have exposed their faults of character, their egoism, meanness, and vanity, but because exile, misfortune, and poverty had no effect upon them and made them no better than they had been when they left France." That may not be an unprejudiced judgment, but it is true. The Bourbons were not only incapable of accepting constitutional government, they were incapable of understanding what it meant. Democracy, with all its faults, has never elected to the Presidency or the Premiership of France such hopeless incompetents as the Bourbons. Nor is it easy for us to understand how there can be any intelligent people in France, and we believe there are a few, who can regret the demise of the Bourbon dynasty or desire its resurrection. "The Return of Louis XVIII" ought to be both interesting and instructive reading to pessimistic republicans. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.)

To the rapidly growing literature treating of the territorial growth of the United States Miss Lois K. Mathews has added a substantial volume on "The Expansion of New England," describing in detail both the early settlement and growth of the New England States and the part played by New England's sons and daughters in advancing the American frontier from the Atlantic seaboard to the Mississippi. Her book, although clearly intended for the historical student rather than the general reader, is useful to all who would gain an understanding of the process by which New England influence and tradition were extended to other sections of the country, and particularly to the States of the old Northwest—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. It was into this northern tier of States that a great tide of New England immigration surged only a few years after the West had been definitely won for the United States by the border heroes who followed Boone, Clark, and Robertson from Virginia and the Carolinas. Wherever the New Englanders went they took with them their three great institutions—the church, the school, and the town meeting—upbuilding in many of their Western settlements, and notably in Ohio, a second New England. There was always necessary, of course, a certain amount of modification and compromise, due to the influx of settlers from other than New England States, and out of the resultant fusion have gradually been evolved the distinctive characteristics of the Middle West, which has exercised so undeniable an influence on the course of American history from the time of Andrew Jackson to the present day. Miss Mathews, as has been said, tells this story in painstaking detail, with little attempt to emphasize its romantic and dramatic features, but in an earnest and successful endeavor to meet the needs of the student in quest of full and accurate information. Numerous maps illustrate the progress of westward colonization. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.50.)

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PUBLIC OPINION

MR. MURPHY AND MR. COLBY

[The Outlook's recent criticism of the reactionary opinions expressed by ex-Governor Murphy, of New Jersey, elicits a sharp rejoinder from one of that gentleman's admirers who declares that the only difference between The Outlook and the ex-Governor is in what each believes to be the best method of securing the best government for the prosperity of the great body of the people: "The Outlook has frequently stated in its columns that the best system of government is shown by what it does—not by its name or by its methods. There are legitimate expenses in all political campaigns which take a large amount of money. In an open letter some time ago to his employees the Governor said that every man of voting age should help to pay the political expenses of the party to which he belonged (there are as many Democrats among his employees as there are Republicans), the same as he would donate to the expenses of the church to which he belonged. Are the men who secure the paid positions under the Government to be exempt from the duty that he believes to rest upon all voters alike? Knowing that ballots and polling-places and clerks and watchers cost money, why should a candidate for judge, or even a judge on the bench, be barred from sharing those legitimate expenses if he so elects?" The Outlook has also received the following letter on the subject from the Hon. Everett Colby, leader of the New Jersey Radical Republicans.—THE EDITORS.]

Your correspondent is evidently one of the host of friends the Governor has made, not only through his disposal of patronage, but because of a straightforward, whole-souled, and kindly manner that makes personal friends of all with whom he comes in contact, and the loyalty of the writer to the Governor and his gratitude for kindness undoubtedly received at his hand are two of the attractive, if the most dangerous, features in practical politics. This tendency on the part of some people to believe that a man must be politically sound if he is generous and open-handed is a stumbling-block to progress. Governor Murphy is of this type, dangerously genial and dangerously frank. If any other man in our public life should advocate the things he advocates and denounce the things he denounces, there wouldn't be a scrap left of his political prestige. With Governor Murphy, however, it is different. Everybody laughs and says, "How refreshing!"

This attitude on the part of the public towards the Chairman of the Republican State Committee was well illustrated when he came out recently, after a period of comparative obscurity, in a perfectly absurd letter, like a veritable Rip Van Winkle. Instead of being in the least disturbed, the public loved him for his frankness and wanted to give him some new clothes that he might not appear quite so ridiculous in public, but the Governor seemed to revel in his old rags. He doesn't understand at all that conditions have changed and that public opinion, while willing to go slow, was not willing to go to sleep, and had, during the past few years, taken a firm stand for the abolition of the old-fashioned methods of his State machine and in favor of some of the sane, sound, and reasonable propositions advocated by the progressives in the party.

He believes, and believes honestly, I think, that the business interests of the State should govern the State, and during his administration corporate control of the Republican party was not disguised. No measure to regulate or restrict corporate abuses was considered with his consent, and the Governor was perfectly frank in his opposition to remedial legislation; and yet in fairness it should be said that along with this stubborn opposition to reform went a deep, keen, and lively interest in tenement-house legislation and all the charitable institutions of the State, for which he worked with real pleasure.

A man with this make-up in politics does a great deal to prevent the enactment of sound legislation, because his honesty disarms suspicion and his frankness forbids the name of hypocrite; yet the fact remains that most of the corruption and wrong-doing in our State for the past twenty-five years has been carried on, protected, and made possible by the system of party discipline the Governor advocates and proclaims.

To Governor Murphy there is no middle ground upon which a man can stand between belief in his party, right or wrong, and the radical of the most extreme type. To Governor Murphy the suggestion of regulating a corporation that derives its franchise from the State, that it may serve the public fairly, is like waving a red flag to a bull. To him regulation means destruction. But the average man to-day on the street who uses his brains knows that proper regulation of our public utility corporations is absolutely essential. He would like to see it done quietly, if possible, but he is beginning to understand that it is difficult to dislodge intrenched wrongs without arousing the public to such a pitch of indignation as to bring about some unwise legislation. The peg, however, is raised two or three holes higher each time the fight is made, and ultimately substantial and permanent good is accomplished. Governor Murphy, however, believes that nothing has been wrong in the past, and that any attempt at reform of any kind should be crushed at the beginning, and he even goes so far as to suggest a return to the spoils system, a suggestion which has shocked the sensibility of even his closest political friends.

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Governor Murphy leaves no doubt as to where he stands on present public questions, and what course he would advance if given the power. In my opinion, the sentiment of sincere, intelligent Republicans of New Jersey is flatly against the Murphy propaganda.

Newark, New Jersey. EVERETT COLBY.

THE JACOB RIIS NEIGHBORHOOD SETTLEMENT

Christmas is at the door once more—and with its joys come many carping cares, for our great family grows with each passing year, and the close of it sees usually a yawning gap in our pocketbook. This year it is both wide and deep, and our Board spends many anxious hours puzzling over our budget and where to save. It is easy enough to say, "Let us cut," but where and what shall we cut? It goes with that as it did when the cook told us that we were long on chicken-feed—that is, the bills were long—and short on dinner, and I steeled my heart and whetted the knife so that you could hear it from cellar to attic. But when I arrived at the hen-yard, it was just as I expected: the children were there before me, and for every grab I made at a chicken a cry went up, "Not that one, the pretty black!" and "Not the speckled pullet with the topknot!" and "Oh, the snow-white that ate out of the baby's hand!" And we did not have chicken that day, or any other day; not our own, anyway.

And so it is with us in Henry Street. Would you cut out the kindergartens? Just look at the curly-headed tots and ask that again. No, never. Or the cooking class, where the mothers that are to be learn to cook and feed their babies so that they will grow fat and jolly? We couldn't do that. Or the young people's fun? See how much their lives hold of brightness outside of our house. Or the work with the boys that grows so healthily, in their clubs and in the gym? There are some of us who yet remember of what those clubs took the place—meetings in the back room of the saloon, where the gang grew up and paid for its shelter in patronage of the bar, buying drinks for themselves and their girl friends. That was the bargain which the Settlement broke up. Or should we let go our carpentering class for the probation lads, that "gives the mother back her boy"? or Twin Island, with its summer rest for mother and children, or the vacations our working-girls so sorely need, or the Christmas tree?

Why, no, we can not give up any of them. They are the things we are here for, and we have just got to go right on and do the best we can. And so we ask our friends once more to hold up our hands, for indeed we need their help. We are not endowed; we haven't any money save what is given to us from day to day; but we have the faith that, doing the next thing that looms as duty, In His Name, we shall get the funds. And they have always come, so far. Our own people in the Settlement give all they can of their poverty. There is no one there who does not lend a hand. We ask our friends outside to give their share and help pull us through. And all of them we wish a happy holiday in their own homes, happier for having begun it by making out a neighborly check for ours, to our Treasurer, Lillian C. House, 48 Henry Street, New York.

JACOB A. RIIS.

A CHRISTMAS APPEAL FOR TWO HUNDRED BOYS

This is, frankly, an appeal. At the Berry School we have a day and night burden. It is with us all the time. We want the readers of The Outlook to help us with it.

We are struggling to hold open the door of opportunity to nearly two hundred white boys from the mountains and rural districts of the South—sturdy, clean-limbed, ambitious boys, with the blood of pioneers in their veins. Because of the hard conditions of their lives, they have lost step with the march of civilization and progress, but now they are trying to catch up. They are not beggars, not deficients or dependents, but poor, worthy boys who pay us their utmost of fifty dollars a year to feed and house them, while we teach them free the plain and serviceable things of head and heart and hands.

It costs $100 a year to provide for each student. The deficit of $50 on each one must be made up by private subscription. We need two hundred Sustaining Scholarships of $50 each; $50 will also endow a day, which may be named in honor or memory of some one; we need 365 such Endowed Days during the coming year.

We are teaching these American boys, who have never had a chance, how to farm, run dairies, build houses, run machinery, raise live stock; how to be useful and independent. We are making citizens of sturdy quality, such as the Nation needs—"lifters, not leaners."

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But each year the increased cost of living, as well as the increasing number of students, makes our burden heavier. Foodstuffs, as every householder knows, are dearer now than they have been for years. We must have bread and meat, fuel and lights, and all the other ordinary necessities of life. We need an army of effective workers to help us carry this burden. If every one who reads this will send us a moderate contribution, the burden will be lifted. Books, subscriptions to good magazines, and boxes of clothing, as well as money, make acceptable gifts.

We are making this Christmas appeal to those who are able to give moderate amounts.

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In your Christmas giving, will you not remember the boys at the Berry School?

MARTHA BERRY, Director.

Rome, Georgia.

THE TARIFF AND FREIGHT RATES

The duty on oranges and lemons has been increased, and the statement has been quite generally made in the press that the railways have so increased their rates as to deprive the grower of all the advantage from the duty.

The facts in the case are as follows: There has been no change proposed in the freight rates on oranges and lemons grown in Florida. There is a proposition to change the rates from California to all points east of Colorado by the sum of 15 cents per 100 pounds. Now, the old duty was $1 per 100 pounds. The new duty is $1.50 per 100 pounds—an increase of more than three times the proposed increase in the freight rates from California.

The railways insist that the change in tariff had nothing to do with this. Up to 1901 this freight rate was $1.25 per 100 pounds. The fruit industry at that time was not at all prosperous, and the railways reduced the rate to $1 per 100 pounds, with an understanding that as soon as the industry was on its feet the rate could be advanced. This rate has been continued up to the present time, and it will be noted that the proposed advance does not reach the old rate. It would seem that even if the increase in duty had anything to do with the increase in freight rates, the railways are not by any means getting the lion's share.

ARTHUR HALE.

New York City.

TAXATION IN INDIA

I do not find new light on taxation in India in Mr. Brooks's letter in your issue of November 13, but, on the contrary, some beclouding of the view. Those who extend help and sympathy to the wretched, and say with Job, "The cause of him I knew not I searched out," must look deeper into taxation in India and into its application. I am aware that allowances for costs of cultivation, etc., are made before the tax is laid. I understand that these are summarily comprehended in the term "net returns."

When it comes to a claim that the collector undervalues the market price and the outturn, I could fill columns with examples of assessments which exacted nearly the whole returns, but it is enough to say that observation and reason do not warrant intrusting arbitrary power to any man. Let it be remembered that the native has no recourse to the courts, nor any other recourse. This has often been petitioned for, and always denied. The assessor is absolute, and it lies with him to assess fifty per cent or more, if he thinks he can get it. Nor does he regard the actual crop; unless sharp criticism has recently modified the practice, an estimate of what should be produced still forms the basis of assessment. These features seem to present the essential elements of our old slave system, without its responsibilities.

As for the landlords, the British Raj made them landlords by fiat, ignoring the tillers of soil which their ancestors had tilled when the forebears of their present rulers were picking acorns in their wild woods; and this landlord, assessed on the usual basis, collects rents to meet the demand.

But Mr. Brooks says I am wrong in saying the assessment may reach sixty per cent or more. Then I am wrong in believing the law and the testimony as they appear in Government documents and in the great volume of current discussion. Mr. Brooks's way of figuring the incidence of taxation is a favored method with apologists, and has been made to show that the natives really govern India, with only a few benevolent aliens smiling approval and holding a potential veto. It has proved conclusively that instead of millions only a paltry few hundred thousand natives, such as they are, died of famine. It can be used to prove conclusively anything, until a careful critic comes and conclusively disproves it. Lord Curzon was shown by the late Mr. William Digby to have egregiously blundered in using this method, and I suppose it still holds good that the servant is not above his lordship.

The basis of taxation, however, is known to all who inquire, and also the wretched inability of the peasants to bear such exactions. The application of these exactions to the purposes of the Raj, rather than to the advantage of the peasant, is also patent to the student, though not to the careless eye. The student sees therein the germ of India's disease, namely, poverty. The freedom from tea and coffee tax can hardly help the many millions who, as Sir W. W. Hunter says, never have their hunger fully satisfied—why not speak of champagne and terrapin? As for the "very small salt tax," it is not so long since competent authority stated the price of this Government monopoly to the peasant as two thousand per cent on its cost. Only last winter it was stated by Mr. Brooks, if I remember right, as over four hundred per cent. If it is now reduced to a very small tax, then thanks to the voice of public opinion. If that is not what is intended, we must take the observation for what it may mean, *cum grano salis.*

The door of hope in India is at last, and at least, ajar. Thanks to Lord Morley, let us hope the opening is not too little, nor too late, for we have sad evidence that the first-born of despair is madness.

CHARLES B. SOUTTER.

Aiken, South Carolina.

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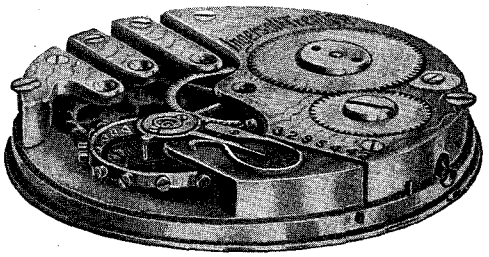

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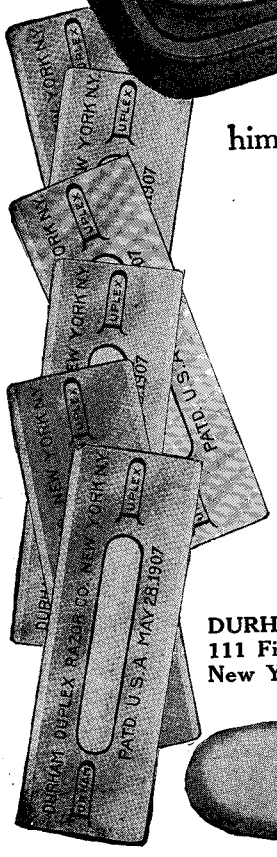

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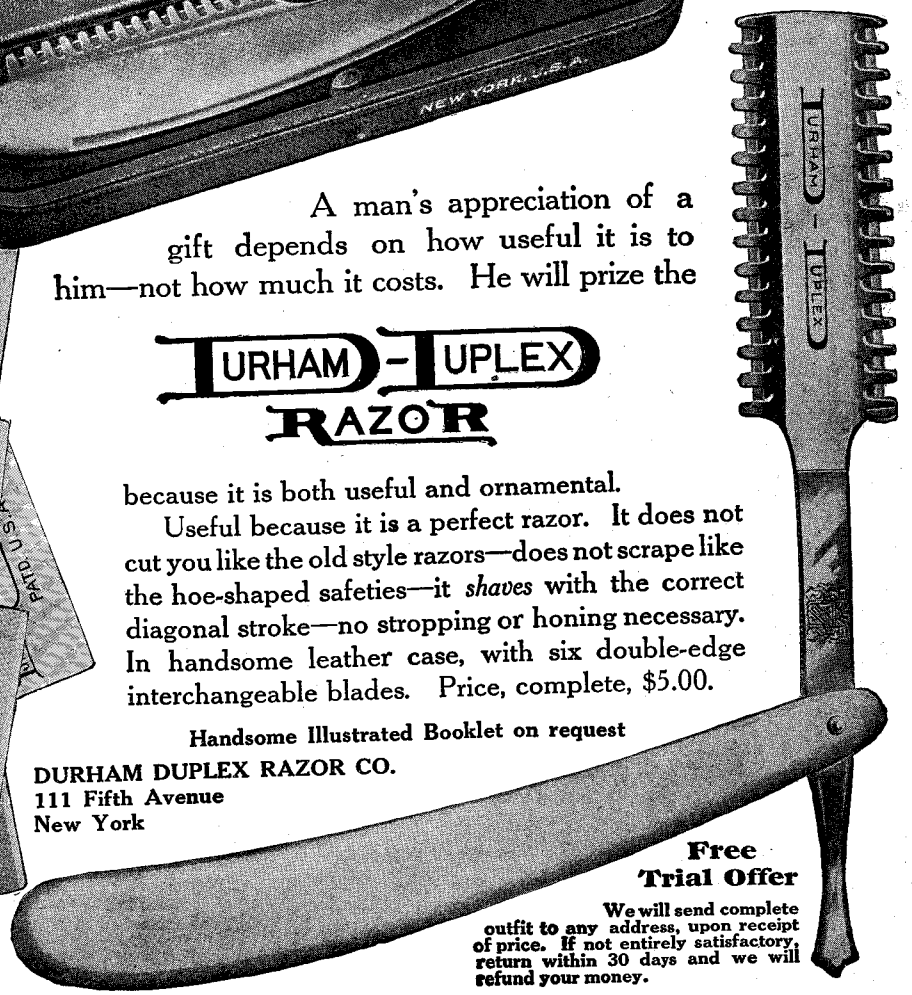

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Each Water Works or Irrigation Bond we offer is secured by a mortgage on a particular plant or enterprise, the real value of the property being much greater than its bonded indebtedness. Such a mortgage is the only security usually offered on bonds of this class issued by a reputable company, and is generally considered sufficient.

Are Additionally Guaranteed.

In addition to such mortgages, however, the bonds we offer bear the absolute guarantee of the American Water Works & Guarantee Co., of Pittsburgh, Pa., capital and surplus, $4,500,000, as to prompt payment of both principal and interest. These bonds are *doubly* secured.

No delay in payment of Principal or Interest.

This company controls and operates forty successful water works plants and four prosperous irrigation enterprises in different parts of the United States. It guarantees only the securities of properties it investigates and constructs with its own engineers, and controls and operates with its own organization. During its twenty-seven years of business *there has never been a single day's delay in the payment of either principal or interest on any bond it has guaranteed.*

Strength of Guarantee Constanily Increasing.

With each new issue the additional assets acquired by this constructing, operating, and guaranteeing company are always greater than the contingent liability assumed. The strength of its guarantee continually increases as its business extends.

We Are Selling the Securities of the Two Largest Irrigation Enterprises, Public or Private, in the United States

J. S. & W. S. KUHN, Inc.

Investment Bankers,

Bank for Savings Building, PITTSBURGH, PA.

CHICAGO. **PHILADELPHIA.**

Guaranteed Irrigation Bonds.
Public Utility Bonds.

Guaranteed Water Works Bonds.
Municipal Bonds.

Circulars and full descriptive matter will be mailed upon request to Department E.

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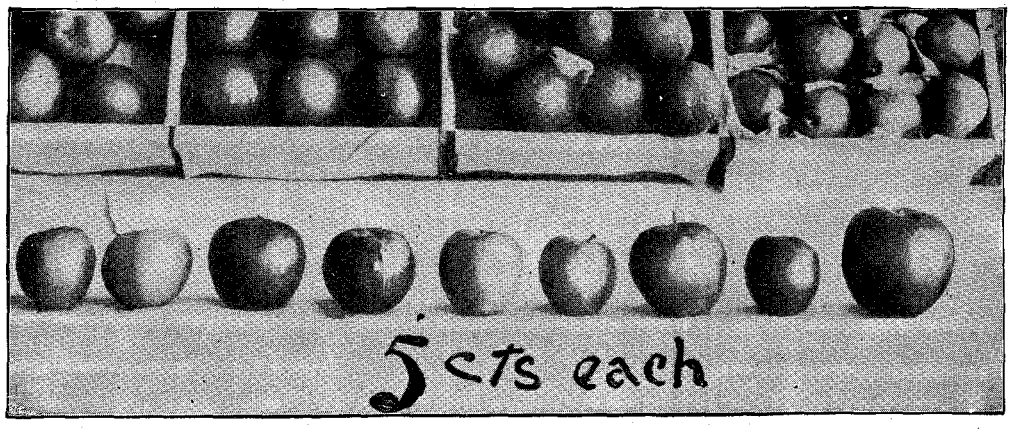

Which Would You Choose?

IF YOU saw a row of apples, every one differing in size, ripeness and color, and all for sale at the same price, wouldn't you choose the best? Why not do the same thing when you buy fire insurance? The cost of insurance is substantially the same in all companies, but what you get for your money varies as much as the apples in this row.

Choose the **Hartford Fire Insurance Company.** For 99 years it has paid every honest loss, big and little. Its reputation is unexcelled. It is the best fire insurance apple of them all and its policies cost no more than those of inferior quality.

Why not use the same good judgment in buying insurance that you do in buying goods for your store, clothes for your family, or even in such a trivial matter as buying apples from the fruit stand? And the next time you insure,

Insure in the Hartford

Agents Everywhere

Before Investing

You want to know two things

SAFE? Our Improved Eastern Kansas Farm Loans offer perfect security. This section has never known a crop failure.

INCOME? Our loans pay investors 5% to —mostly the larger figure. **5½%**

We have been making these loans for more than **35 Years** We know every borrower personally, and have never lost a dollar for our customers or had a cent of interest defaulted. We do not lend where there is any moral hazard. We examine every loan and each abstract most carefully.

Convenience We collect interest and principal without cost to you, and remit to you promptly. Any amount from $250 up. Better than savings banks, because almost double the interest, and negotiable anywhere.

Write today for List No. **452** and names of Bankers and Private Investors near you, to whom you can refer.

J. L. PETTYJOHN & CO. Mortgage Bankers **Olathe, Kas.**

6 to 7 Per Cent *Net Income*

WE specialize in the stocks of old established, successful industrial corporations.

Our clients are netting 6 to 7 per cent on their investments and none of them has ever lost a dollar of principal or interest on purchases made from us. Send for descriptive booklet and list of offerings.

The Geiger-Jones Co.

202 North Market Street Canton, Ohio

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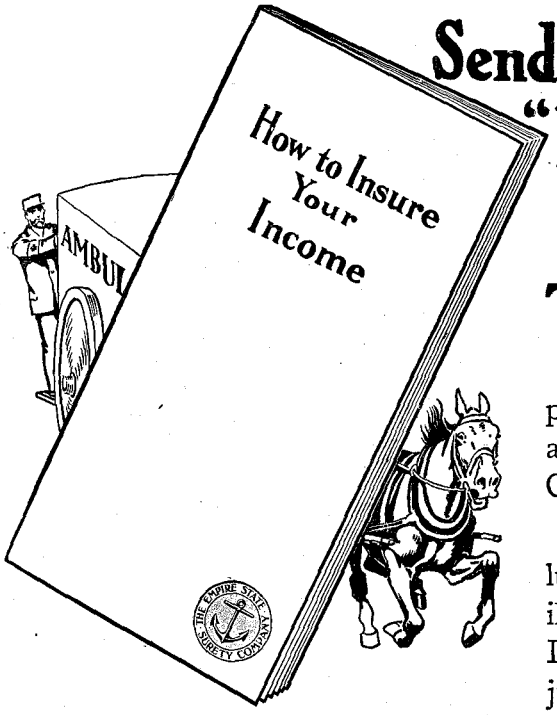

Send Now For Our New Book: "How to Insure Your Income"

THIS is the name of an interesting new book we have prepared for free distribution. Its principal purpose is to explain the Income Insurance policies of the Empire State Surety Company.

Everybody is liable to have hard luck in the form of bodily accident or illness. Your turn may come to-morrow. If it did, would your income go on just the same as if you were able to stay at your work right through the year.

The Empire Income Policy assures you the continuance of a regular and ample income during the time you are unable to work.

If you are without such protection, don't put off the matter by saying, "Oh, I've got along all right all these years without any accident or illness insurance. I guess I don't need it now."

Isn't your peace of mind worth something to you?

Being insured against accident or illness, with consequent uninterruption of income, would relieve you of worry about the present and anxiety for the future.

You would be enabled to give your whole attention and best efforts to your work. Under those circumstances, you would do better work and more of it.

And besides all that, remember the loved ones dependent upon you. Do you not owe it to them to safeguard your earning capacity in this way?

Take the first step now by sending at once for our valuable free book "How to Insure Your Income." It will give you full information concerning premium rates and indemnities provided for by the popular policies of this old and reliable institution. A postal card will bring it promptly.

Address Department F

Empire State Surety Company

84 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK

Offices in all important cities

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A Good New Year's Investment

WITH the opening of the New Year, you usually consider most carefully how to invest your surplus money. It is hard to find a small investment that will pay a good rate of interest and yet is absolutely safe. Our mortgage certificates based on selected first mortgages on New York City real estate solve this problem for you. The interest is 4½% and the certificates are in amounts of $200, $500, $1,000 and $5,000.

The $200 certificate will be sold if desired on the instalment plan at $10 per month.

These certificates have all the advantages of the guaranteed mortgages. The payment of the principal and interest is guaranteed absolutely by the Bond and Mortgage Guarantee Company with its Capital and Surplus of $7,500,000. We stake our own reputation on the satisfactory character of these mortgage certificates. Our capital and surplus amount to $14,000,000.

These certificates do not pay six per cent. Bonds that do are not first mortgage bonds but represent money borrowed for speculation in real estate and risked on the speculation. They should not be called bonds at all.

Our security is a first mortgage security such as the law favors for savings banks, life insurance companies and all conservative trust investments. Start the year right by investing some of your surplus in this way.

Write us for our booklet "The Safe Use For Savings."

TITLE GUARANTEE & TRUST Co

176 BROADWAY, NEW YORK — 175 REMSEN STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"Preferred Industrial Stocks"

¶ We have prepared a booklet showing the leading features and comparative values of some of the principal preferred industrial stocks.

¶ Every investor should have it.

¶ You should send for it.

¶ Write for Booklet B.

Free on request

BIGELOW & CO.
BANKERS
49 Wall Street — New York

6% VERSUS 4%

Holders of early maturing bonds, or other securities paying 4%, or thereabouts, are advised to improve the present opportunity to exchange these securities for well-secured bonds that will

NET 6% INCOME

at present prices and will share in the general advance in market values due to the steady improvement in trade and finance. Market conditions make the present an advantageous time to make such a change in your investments.

We will quote you the best prices on any securities you may wish to dispose of for reinvestment,—and also the present prices of high-grade bonds that will yield **6% if promptly secured.**

OUR BOOKLET about Bonds will be mailed upon request. Write us to-day.

LAWRENCE BARNUM & CO.
BANKERS
Washington — 29 Pine Street, New York — Philadelphia

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Farm Lien Securities

Interest, 6%

Among all the bonds that we handle, there are none so attractive to men who know, as Irrigation bonds.

These are among the reasons:

Irrigation bonds are secured by first liens on the most fertile farm lands in America.

The liens are given by individual land-owners in payment for water rights. The water immediately multiplies the land's value. The first crop from the land will usually pay the whole lien, and sometimes by several times over.

The liens are conservative. Bonds are rarely issued to more than one-fourth the land's value.

The liens are paid off in annual installments, so the indebtedness constantly decreases.

The bonds are additionally secured by a first mortgage on all the property which the Irrigation Company owns. So we have a corporation, with large interests at stake, to guard against any delinquencies.

Some Are Municipal

Some Irrigation bonds are issued by organized districts, the same as School bonds. Such bonds form a tax lien on all the taxable property in the community. They form a high grade of municipal security.

Other Irrigation bonds are issued under the "Carey Act." Such projects, until they are completed and turned over to settlers, are under the constant supervision of the State Engineer and State Land Board.

Behind every Irrigation bond that we handle there is ample and ideal security.

Six Per Cent

Irrigation bonds pay six per cent interest. That is a higher rate than can now be obtained on any large class of bonds based on equal security.

The demand for irrigated land, because of its enormous fertility, greatly exceeds the supply. Irrigation projects are profitable; and, if rightly conducted, are free from risk. So there is great demand for money to help finance these projects, and six per cent is paid to obtain it.

$100—$500—$1,000

Irrigation bonds are issued in series, some due in two years, some in twelve years, some due every year between. One may make long-time or short-time investments. Every bond paid off increases the security back of the rest.

They are issued in denominations of $100, $500, and $1,000, so they appeal to both small investors and large.

Irrigation bonds have become the most popular bonds that we handle. They are the safest six per cent bonds that we know.

73 Issues Sold

In the past 15 years we have sold 73 separate issues of Drainage and Irrigation bonds, based on farm lien security. Not a dollar of loss has resulted to any investor.

We are now the largest dealers in bonds of this class. We have our own engineers and attorneys to pass on every detail. An officer of our Company constantly resides in the irrigated sections, watching the projects we finance.

Because of these facilities we get our pick of these bonds. There are very few issues which are not offered to us.

We have now written a book based on all this experience. It will give you a clear idea of all that pertains to Irrigation and Irrigation bonds. Every investor, small or large, owes to himself its perusal. The book will be sent on request.

January Investments

For January investors we have on hand 100 varieties of bonds. They include Municipal, Public Utility, Water Power, Corporation and Irrigation Bonds. Please ask for our list. Cut out this reminder, so you won't forget.

Trowbridge & Niver Co.

First National Bank Building, Chicago **111 Broadway, New York**
50 Congress St., Boston **First National Bank Building, San Francisco**

Please send your free book on Irrigation Bonds and list of other securities.

*Name*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

*Name of my bank*_____ 640

First National Bank Bldg., Chicago
First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco

Trowbridge & Niver Co.

50 Congress St., Boston
111 Broadway, New York

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WHY NOT BUY

6%

Irrigation Bonds

Farson, Son & Co. are the Oldest and Largest Banking House in the United States specializing in Irrigation Bonds. In this connection the intending purchaser should consider the following facts:

1—In all our thirty years experience there has never been a DEFAULT IN THE INTEREST OR PRINCIPAL PAYMENTS of bonds of this description sold by us.

2—Owing to the long establishment of this house, practically all irrigation projects of the entire country are submitted to us FIRST. Our offerings, therefore, contain ONLY THE BEST OF THESE ISSUES.

3—WE BUY ALL OUR BONDS OUTRIGHT

4—We are associated with the leading irrigation engineers, and have our own engineering corps, which reports exhaustively upon all offerings before the Bonds are bought by us.

5—The recommendation of a house of our character, with facilities and experience, is invaluable to purchasers of these securities.

6—We have sold Municipal Irrigation Bonds to Savings Banks, National Banks, Trust Companies, Insurance Companies and Private Investors throughout the country.

We invite your correspondence. Fill out coupon below and mail immediately to

Farson, Son & Co.

Members New York Stock Exchange
Over thirty years' experience.

New York
21 Broad Street

Chicago
First Nat'l Bank Bldg.

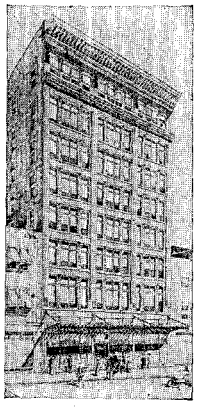
DEAR SIRS: Please send me Circular 10210, "Municipal Irrigation Bonds."

Name.....

Address.....

State.....

237



6%

Plus one-half of all additional profits earned from this

SEATTLE

BUSINESS PROPERTY

is guaranteed to investors in our

REAL ESTATE TITLE BONDS

BONDHOLDERS only can authorize sale of the property, at which time their bonds are redeemed, they receiving also one-half of sale profits. The property is definitely described in each bond and is secured to the bondholders by a duly recorded Deed of Trust. Construction of this fire-proof department store building is now in progress. Total cost property and building, $275,000.

To-day SEATTLE is The Wonder of American Cities

Figures tell! Population in 1900, 80,761; in 1909, 309,375. In 1908, ranked seventh city in the United States in building permits; in 1909 will probably rank fifth, as permits will aggregate close to twenty million dollars. Other statistics denote like growth and progress. Bonds issued in denominations of $100 and multiples thereof.

Write for Folder 2-A.

AMERICAN CITIES REALTY CORPORATION

314 Leary Building, Seattle, Wash.

LET US SEND YOU A LIST OF BOND OPPORTUNITIES

Bonds offer to the individual investor and to the business firm or corporation wishing to invest its surplus, a very wide range of choice in RATE OF INCOME combined with

Absolute Safety of Principal
Ready Conversion Into Cash
Reasonable Chance for Profit

We own and offer for sale a line of bonds—netting 4 to 5¾%—suited to the needs of all classes of investors, and we will be glad to place at your service our excellent facilities to supply sound investments.

We issue from time to time descriptive lists of such bonds, which you should have. Please address

ADAMS & COMPANY

Bankers, 13 Congress Street, Boston

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